

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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The Literary Week.

THE felicitations of all who admire brave thinking and fine writing are with Dr. Martineau, who to-day enters his ninety-fifth year. Dr. Martineau, as has been frequently remarked of late, was a schoolfellow of George Borrow.

THE list of books among the wedding presents to the Earl and Countess of Crewe is interesting:

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|------------------------------------|---|
| Mr. Asquith | <i>Gulliver's Travels</i> (1st edition). |
| Mr. Balfour | { Manuscript book in white vellum and gold. |
| Lord Cairns | <i>Rabelais</i> (illustrated). |
| Lord Reay | <i>A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan</i> . |
| Lady Ripon | <i>Mary Stuart</i> . |
| Bishop of Winchester . | <i>Pilgrim's Progress</i> . |
| Bishop of Bath and Wells | { <i>Imitation of Christ</i> . |
| Mr. William Watson . | His own poems. |
| Sir Algernon West . | Mr. Watson's Poems. |
| Mrs. Drew | <i>Sesame and Lilies</i> . |
| Miss Helen Gladstone | <i>Browning</i> . |
| Mr. Herbert Gladstone | <i>Keats</i> . |
| Mrs. Gladstone . . . | Mr. Gladstone's <i>Gleanings</i> . |
| Sir Wemyss Reid . . | Jane Austen's Novels. |
| Mr. Haldane | Works of Sainte-Beuve. |
| Miss Braddon | Her own works. |

THE Prince of Wales's gift to the Earl of Crewe was an edition of Joachim du Bellay. English readers do not know this charming poet as they ought—for his old French is a little difficult—but Mr. Lang has translated some of his work with sympathy and the most dexterous skill, notably "Vanneurs." How does it go?

Lily and violet
I give, and blossoms wet,
Roses and dew;
This branch of blushing roses,
Whose fresh bud encloses
Wind-flowers too.
Ah, winnow with sweet breath,
Winnow the holt and heath,
Round this retreat;
Where all the golden morn
We fan the gold o' the corn,
In the sun's heat.

It was said of Du Bellay that he was born in 1525 as a compensation from Nature to France for the loss of Pavia—one of the prettiest compliments that exists.

THE *facsimile* edition of the Greek and Latin MS. of the Four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles—the *Codex Bezae*

Cantabrigiensis—is now obtainable in two noble volumes. Students who have hitherto had to journey to Cambridge to consult this priceless possession will be able to examine it under more favourable conditions; while the preservation of the text by *facsimile* makes it possible to view the decay of the original with more equanimity. The *facsimile* was made by M. Dujardin, of Paris, by the process known as heliogravure, and it has been completely successful. Mr. Scrivener, in 1864, wrote of Beza's gift to the University; that although it might seem less ancient than three or four other extant copies of the New Testament, it is in respect to modifications of the inspired text which it exhibits more interesting and remarkable than any other document of its class.

THE most cosmopolitan hymn-book yet projected is *The Sacred Songs of the World* which Mr. Henry C. Leonard is editing and which Mr. Elliot Stock will publish. The collection will represent many languages and religions; it will give examples from the best sacred poets of forty-eight European peoples, forty-nine Asiatic, twelve African, thirteen American, and eight Oceanic.

APROPPOS of anthologies, a correspondent has asked us to suggest a list of such works which would comprise the best and largest body of English verse. His idea is to bind them uniformly, and he hints at a wedding present. How would these do?—

- The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics.*
Mr. William Watson's *Lyric Love*.
Mr. Quiller-Couch's *Golden Pomp*.
Mr. Beeching's *A Paradise of English Poetry*.
Mr. Henley's *English Lyrics*.
Mr. Locker-Lampson's *Lyra Elegantiarum*.
Mrs. Meynell's *Flower of the Mind*.
Palgrave's *Treasury of Sacred Song*.
Lord Selborne's *Book of Praise*.

WITH reference to our paragraph in last week's issue concerning "Zangwillitis," a correspondent writes: "Mr. Zangwill has touched hearts and won renown. I would like to tell how I recently stood at a dying bed, and heard the passing soul quote, spasmodically, from that poignant sketch 'The Sabbath-breaker.' I heard this one (my dearest of all), who was looking Death in the eyes, say: 'I am coming, my lamb. The little mother is on the way. And again, and yet again: 'The little mother is on the way, the little mother is on the way.' Surely no writer can ask more than the power to wing his words so that they are remembered, and bring comfort, on the threshold of death."

FULL particulars have now been published of the *Daily Telegraph's* scheme for supplying its readers with fiction. The "Hundred Best Novels" by the "World's Greatest Writers of Fiction" is an imposing style; but on examining the list we find that the *Telegraph* is merely still incorrigible in its diction: the authors are not really the Greatest Writers at all, nor the novels the Best. Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Traill, and Mr. W. L. Courtney have, we are told, assisted the editor with their advice. To which of these gentlemen, we wonder, belongs the credit of considering *The Wide, Wide World* one of the hundred best novels, and Elizabeth Wetherell one of the world's greatest writers of fiction? Again, *Gabriel Conroy* is almost the least satisfactory of Bret Harte's works; *Amelie Rives* is hardly a classic yet; and *Valentine Vox* might well be spared.

"We take joy, too," says the *Telegraph*, "in knowing that so large and rich a selection can be made of acknowledged masterpieces, from English literature mainly, and none of them be anything except pure, honest, and of good report." From which we gather that the edition of *Tristram Shandy* will be expurgated.

MEANWHILE the *Daily News* has also its little publishing scheme. True to its old-fashioned traditions, the *Daily News* pins its faith to the middle of the century and offers its readers only the works of Dickens. The set consists of nineteen volumes, completed by Forster's *Life* and the *Dickens' Dictionary*, a key to the works which is by no means so exhaustive as the *Daily News* seems to think. It is peculiarly fitting that the series should come from the *Daily News* office, for Dickens was its first editor and Forster its second. The edition is illustrated.

ANOTHER proof of the theory expressed by a contributor elsewhere in this number, that to become a Dickens commentator is to woo inaccuracy, is found in the *Daily News* article on *Pickwick*, in which its new edition was introduced to the public. From one of the quotations therein given the reader is led to suppose that the catch phrase, "Let 'em all come," which is now only too evident in the London streets, originated with Mrs. Bardell. Thus:

"Oh! you kind, good, playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and without more ado she rose from her chair and flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears and a chorus of sobs.

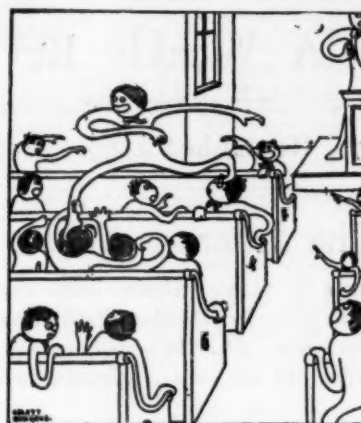
"Bless my soul," cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick; "Mrs. Bardell, my good woman—dear me, what a situation—pray consider—Mrs. Bardell—don't—if anybody should come——"

"Oh, let 'em all come!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell frantically; "I'll never leave you—dear, kind, good soul"; and with these words Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

This is very pretty and curious. But what Mrs. Bardell really said was, "Oh, let them come!"

THE Purple Cow is not yet dead. Indeed, it seems probable that it never will be. Mr. Doxey, of San Francisco, the publisher of the *Lark*, has now compiled two

little pamphlets from that periodical, *The Lark Almanack* for 1899 and *The Purple Cow*, which may be obtained in England from Messrs. Cazenove, of Henrietta-street; and



I love to go to Lectures
And make the Audience stare:
By walking round upon their heads,
And spoiling People's hair!

therein we find the old rhymes once more, and the old pictures. Two of these pictures we reproduce; and here are other tastes of Mr. Gelett Burgess's comic inventive powers:

The Window has Four Little Panes;
But one have I;
The Window-Panes are in its Sash,—
I wonder why!

and

The Sun is Low, to say the Least,
Although it is well-Red;
Yet, since it rises in the Yeast,
It should be better Bred.

and

My House is made of Graham Bread,
Except the ceiling's made of white;
Of Angel Cake I make my Bed;
I eat my Pillow every night.



Ah, yes, I wrote the "Purple Cow"—
I'm Sorry, now, I wrote it;
But I can tell you Anyhow
I'll Kill you if you Quote it!

To readers whose peace of mind is injured by these freaks of fancy we would point out that Mr. Gelett Burgess, their author, is now living in London.

A FIVEPENNY drop has suddenly occurred, and the new price for cheap fiction is a penny. There it is likely to stay: we can hardly expect it to go lower. Penny fiction is not new, of course, for works by the lady known as Annie S. Swan have been circulating in hundreds of thousands at that figure for some time, and Horner's Penny Stories are printed in millions, while Mr. Stead has been issuing penny abridgments of great novels for months past; but the authors offered by Messrs. Pearson are now approaching the penny public for the first time. These are: "Ouida," "John Oliver Hobbes," "Rita," Mrs. Hungerford, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, Olive Schreiner, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Louis Becke, Mr. John Habberton, Mr. Fergus Hume, Mr. Clark Russell, and others. Meanwhile it may be remarked that we have received this week no fewer than twenty-six new novels, nineteen of which are published at six shillings.

MR. FISHER UNWIN'S "Overseas Library" makes a beginning this week with Mr. Cunninghame Graham's *Ipané*. We quote this passage from the preface:

Now, to my thinking, misapprehension still is rife as to the motives which cause men to write. Books have been written for many purposes—moral, religious, lewd, improving, ethical, and to make people stare; but many think, even to-day, when education, which, as we all know, intensifies artistic comprehension, spreading it even amongst the educated, is so diffused, that men write books to please a mysterious entity known as the public; that they regard this Mumbo-Jumbo as politicians do, or as the county councillor, who is uncertain even if he be a cuckold till he has duly put the matter to the democratic vote.

Nothing more false. For the most part all books are written from vanity, for hope of gain, either pecuniary or of some other nature, and now and then to please the writer, for it is known that some have gone to sea for pleasure, and sailors say that those who do so would go to hell for fun.

And so of books. Few men know why they write, and most men are ashamed of all they do when once it stares them in the face in moulded type.

FROM the preface to the late J. F. Nisbet's *Human Machine* (Grant Richards):

As for materialism, it is a theory which seems to me to fit in better with the known facts than any other, and to leave the majesty of God just where it was before. To the belittling of the Creator, indeed, I do not see that anything is more conducive than the current theology—Roman or Anglican. Matthew Arnold's conception of the Trinity as three big Lord Shaftesburys sitting up somewhere in the sky is approximately that of every little boy and girl brought up on orthodox principles. Sometimes this image is replaced by that of the Israelitish Jehovah—a tutelary divinity in the form of a man, and swayed by such human passions as love, anger, pride, hate, jealousy. In either case the proportions of the Creator are reduced to those of an Exeter Hall philanthropist. How much vaster and nobler is the materialistic conception of the Deity as an all-pervading force, impersonal in the human sense, but necessarily all-knowing because it is everywhere and in everything! How much higher than that of the anthropomorphic God! You may climb up to the top of

Primrose-hill; you may shake your fist at the sky; you may take a Name in vain—and there is no response. Not the smallest—not even a flash of lightning! Because the unseen Power, whatever it may be, is not a "jealous God," animated by a paltry human resentment.

A WRITER in the new *Paris Magazine* discusses the translation of *The Jungle Book*—*Le Livre de la Jungle*—which has recently been published in France: "Although MM. Fabulet and d'Humières have accomplished their task admirably, they could not expect, nor could they be expected, to achieve the impossible. 'Je viens de manquer ma proie' is really inadequate as a rendering of the old wolf Akela's lament, 'Now I have missed my kill.' Mowgli, 'the man-cub,' is perforce transformed into 'le petit d'homme,' for there are no cubs in French, and the substantive 'petit' has to represent the young of the human and every other species. 'The camel doubled up camel-fashion, like a two-foot rule,' is rendered, 'le chameau se replia à la façon des chameaux, en équerre,' which entirely misses the Kipling imagery. The pack becomes 'le clan,' and when Shere Khan, the tiger, asks, 'Am I to stand nosing into your dog's den for my fair dues?' he is made to say, in French, 'Dois-je attendre le nez dans votre repaire de chiens, lorsqu'il s'agit de mon dû le plus strict?' This is a little more polite, perhaps, but it is not the Kipling manner. Indeed, Kipling à la Française not infrequently reminds one of the French customs notice, 'Messieurs les voyageurs sont priés d'assister à l'examen de leurs bagages,' as an equivalent for 'Passengers must look after their luggage.'

A CORRESPONDENT, "B. M.," writes: "Excuse my pointing out that the reviewer of D'Annunzio's *Victim*, in the current issue of the ACADEMY, is wrong when he alludes to D'Annunzio as 'a young man considerably under thirty.' He was born in 1863, so is 'considerably over thirty,' and I think you will agree that he looks it from the enclosed."

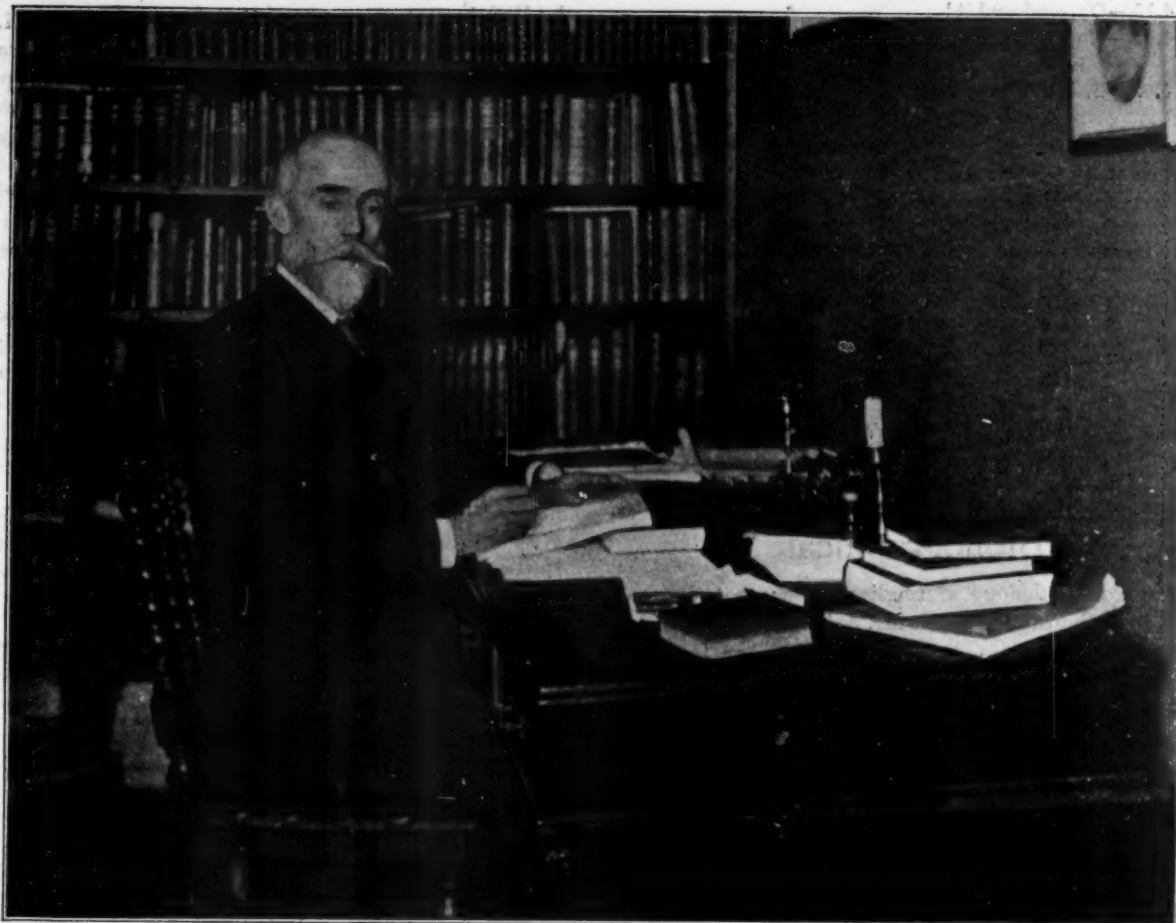


Gabriele d'Annunzio

Mr. Henley, the editor of the series.

In a review of Holland's *Suetonius*, "Tudor Translations" series, in the ACADEMY last week, the dedication of the work to Mr. Cecil Rhodes was attributed to the editor of the work, Mr. Charles Whibley. This was wrong. The dedication was written by

OTHER renderings of Maurice Maeterlinck's poem have been received from J. A. B., Edgbaston; C. S. O., Brighton; and R. H. S., Glasgow.



MR. SIDNEY COLVIN.

From the Copyright Series of Portraits of Contributors to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

We give this week a portrait of Mr. Sidney Colvin, whose services in arranging the present exhibition of Rembrandt's work in the White building of the British Museum can hardly be over-estimated by the art student. Mr. Colvin, who has been Keeper of the Prints since 1884, was born in 1845. He has two claims upon the recognition of readers: his writings on art and his friendship with R. L. Stevenson, on the authoritative life of whom he is now engaged. It is intended to bring out this work in two parts, one to consist entirely of letters, and the other of biography.

ONCE upon a time Mr. Anthony Hope began a series of articles called "The Fly on the Wheel" in a magazine. They came, however, to an untimely end, and he has since left journalism alone. But in one of the papers of the series the question (by a woman)—"Oh, Mr. Fly, how do you think of those lovely stories?" or (by a man) "I say, Fly, old chap, how the deuce do you turn out all that stuff of yours?" was answered thus in a page from the Fly's Journal:

Let us suppose that I am bidden to write a short story. I arrive at my working-den at 9.45 and read my letters. The rest of the day is much as follows:

10.0.—Put on writing-coat; find a hole in the elbow.
10.3.—Light pipe, and sit down in large armchair by fire.

10.15.—Who the deuce can write a story on a beastly day like this? (It was quite nice weather, really—that's the artistic temperament).

10.45.—I must think about that confounded story. Besides, I don't believe she meant anything after all.

11.15.—I wish the — these — people hadn't asked me to write for their — paper!

11.45.—Hullo! Will that do?

12.0.—Hang it, that's no use!

12.30.—I suppose if I happened to have a head instead of a turnip I could write that story.

12.40.—Yes! No! By Jove, yes! Where's that pen? Oh, where the —? All right, here it is! Now then! (*Scribble.*)

1.0.—Lunch! Good; I believe it's going!

1.30.—Now I'll just knock it off. (*Scribble.*)

2.15.—Well, I don't quite see my way to — Oh, yes I do! Good! That's not so bad.

3.0.—One, two, three—three hundred words a page. Well, I've put that in in good time, anyhow! Where's that pipe?

3.15.—I think I'll fetch 'em. Pitched in passion, by Jove!

3.40.—Oh, I say, look here! I've only got about 1,200 words and I want 2,000. What the deuce shall I do?

3.50.—I must pad it, you know. She mustn't take him yet, that's all.

4.0.—She can't take more than a page accepting the foo, though; it's absurd, you know.

- 4.15.—Oh, confound it!
- 4.45.—Now let's see—two, four, six, seven. Good! I'm in the straight now!
- 5.0.—Thank Heaven, that's done! Now I suppose I must read the thing over. I know it's awful rot. Well, that's their lookout, they've bought it.
- 5.3.—It's not so bad, though, after all.
- 5.11.—I rather like that. I don't know, but it seems rather original.
- 5.15.—H'm! I've read worse stories than this.
- 5.20.—No, I'm hanged if I touch a word of it! It's not half bad.
- 5.25.—Pretty smart ending!
- 5.30.—Well, if there are a dozen men in England who can write a better story than that, I should like to see 'em, that's all!
- 5.35.—Puff, puff, puff, puff! Well, I shan't touch a pen again to-day.

Bibliographical.

A MAMMOTH anthology of English verse: that, it would seem, is the latest benefaction Mr. Arber proposes to bestow upon the students of literature. Those students owe already a very considerable debt to the man who began, thirty years ago, that invaluable series of *English Reprints* on which so many intellects have been nourished; whose *Facsimile Texts*, *English Garner*, and *English Scholars' Library* are scarcely less valuable in their way; and who, only a year or two ago, gave us a useful collection of documents on *The Pilgrim Fathers*. We may be pretty sure that the text of the announced anthology will be impeccable, for Mr. Arber obviously has unlimited patience. But the production of an acceptable selection from the entire English *corpus poetarum* (down, I suppose, to the era of existing copyrights) presupposes not only editorial accuracy but critical capacity, and Mr. Arber's project seems to be so ambitious that he will, of course, not be surprised if his collection is closely and carefully scrutinised.

Rather late in the day will come Mr. Arthur Milman's promised biography of his father, the Dean. Dr. Milman died a little over thirty years ago. It is not often that a modern celebrity has to wait so long for a Life. Yet few deserve such a memorial more obviously than the author of *Fazio* and *The Martyr of Antioch*, the historian of the Jews and of Christianity. *Fazio* is not in the current repertory of the stage, but it was performed in London within the last decade or so. The *History of the Jews* was reprinted so recently as 1894, and there were new editions of the *Early Christianity* and the *Later Christianity* in 1883. The Dean's correspondence should be eminently interesting.

Mr. Arthur Humphreys must believe that Emerson still has a vogue in England, or he would not entertain the idea of bringing out yet another edition of the sage's essays. Of such editions there are several extant. In 1891 the essays were issued with the imprimatur of St. Lubbock. They had been published in two volumes in the previous year; Henry Morley had edited them in 1886, which year also saw the reproduction of *The Conduct of Life, and other Essays*. There were editions in 1866, 1853, and 1848

leading back to that which Carlyle prefaced in 1841. I take no account of the fact that the essays have necessarily been included in all complete editions of Emerson's prose from 1883 downwards. However, the more the merrier. The essays cannot be too widely known, too sumptuously presented. As someone truly said, Emerson was not exactly a thinker, but he had detached thoughts which many have found quickening and fruitful. He does not supply a philosophy of life, but he helps us to construct one.

Nothing is more certain than that there are many things which, done for one generation, have to be done over again for the next. About half a century ago William Howitt published in two volumes his *Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets*; but that is no reason why a literary lady of to-day should not produce (as, it seems, she proposes to produce) another book on the "homes and haunts" of celebrated people, to which she intends to give the name of *Literary Hearthstones*. How a hearthstone can be literary I know not; but we must not cavil.

Lays of the True North, and other Canadian Poems—that, I note, is the name given to a forthcoming volume of verses. I think we may take for granted that the authoress has gone for the first half of the title to the lines by Tennyson in the epilogue to the *Idylls of the King*:

And that true North, whereof we lately heard
A strain to shame us: "Keep you to yourselves;
So loyal is too costly."

The announcement of a new volume of verse from the pen of Mr. Washington Moon will surprise those who think of him (when they think of him) as only the intrepid exponent of *The King's English* and the no less vigorous critic of *Revisers' English*. Yet it is a fact that a volume of verse by Mr. Moon, called *Elijah the Prophet, and Other Sacred Poems*, has run into a fifth edition, which will be issued shortly; and, moreover, is not Mr. Moon the author of a work of prose-fiction called (somewhat lengthily) *With All My Worldly Goods I Thee Endow*?

The title of the latest novel issued by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett—*The Faith that Kills*—makes one think, of course, of W. G. Wills's story, *The Love that Kills*, as well as of the play so named (an adaptation of "L'Arlésienne") which was produced in London some years ago. Obviously, the phrase is one on which an endless series of variations could be played; why not *The Fear that Kills*, *The Joy that Kills*, *The Sorrow that Kills*, and so forth? Meanwhile, *The Faith that Kills* is, as a title, not bad, for it embodies a cynical paradox which should attract.

Talking of story-titles, I see it stated that Mr. Leonard Merrick will christen his next work of fiction either *An Enemy of Society* or *Weapons of the World*. I would suggest the adoption of the latter. The former has been used by Ibsen for a play; and to come into apparent competition with the Norwegian dramatist would be, perhaps, a pity.

The publisher of No. 5, *John Street* has been advertising "The New Novel—The New Writer." I wonder how Mr. Whiteing, if he has seen the advertisement, felt when he found himself described as "new"? The truth is, the best of us are "new" to the new generation.

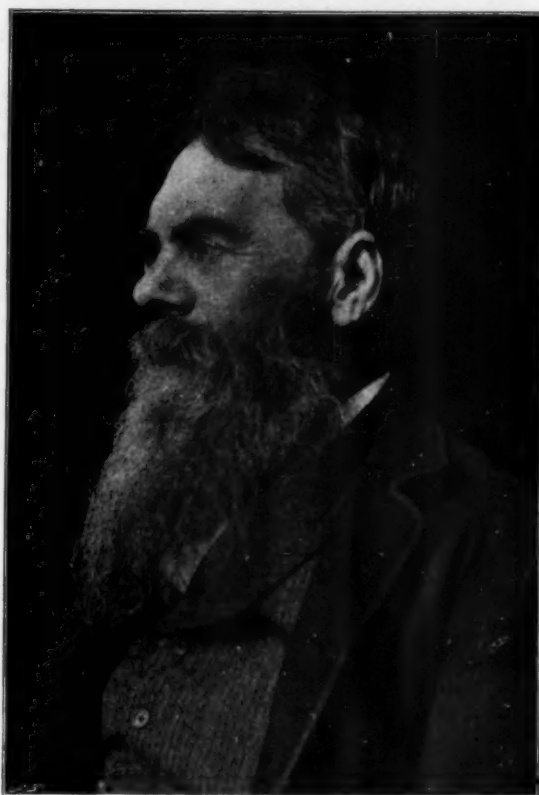
THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Intellectual Intrepidity.

Aspects of Religious and Scientific Thought. By R. H. Hutton. (Macmillan. 5s.)

As this volume is edited by Miss Roscoe, Mr. Hutton's niece, we may suppose that the fifty-four essays it contains represent the flower of that sincere, inquiring mind on certain contemporaneous religious and scientific questions. It is a monument of intellectual intrepidity. The essays all fall within the compass of half-a-dozen pages: they deal with every ethico-religious and scientific question that stirred the intellects of Hutton's day, and their full assurance of omniscience is that of a schoolmaster adjudicating upon the examination papers of his form. No man could attempt such a task, and continue it for a lifetime, with never a shade of doubt in his own infallibility, were it not



RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.

From a Photograph by P. Hollyer.

for the strong support of unquestioning followers. That support, it is hardly necessary to say, Mr. Hutton had. He was proprietor and editor of the *Spectator*, one of the few papers whose policy has been unswerving and unalterable. Mr. Hutton was the *Spectator*, it expressed his views; the reins never fell from his hands till death called him; he gathered about him men who thought as he thought, felt as he felt, wrote as he wrote; and, as the years passed, a large body of readers, faithfulest of flocks, grew up around his personality, who accepted the views of the *Spectator* as they accepted the routine of the festivals of the Church, and who would have missed the one as much as the other. The flock were gentle souls, fond of flowers and birds; more particular about the appointments of their dinner tables than the food the dishes contained; devoted to the clergy; admirers of Mr. Leader, R.A.; middle-aged, and declining gracefully to

a future existence for which they were fully prepared. They looked askance, yet with an awful interest, at a Huxley travelling rough-shod over their dearest orthodoxies; they read of the intellectual subtleties of a Matthew Arnold with tremors and pangs of sorrow (was he not the poet of "Geist's Grave"?) but to stand up in the arena of their own drawing-rooms and fight these giants with their own little bows and arrows, oh, that was impossible! But there was no occasion for it. The Invisible David of the *Spectator* would overthrow the mighty, would make it all clear for them at the week-end in that article in smaller type that followed at the end of the leaders. He would let fly his arrows at the joints in the giant's armour; he would come forth from the fight bearing his sheaves with him. Their little tremors of doubt would cease, their pinions would drop comfortably to the side again.

A writer must have a rare moral and intellectual sincerity to inspire such confidence. That was Mr. Hutton's indubitable gift. We may agree with him or not; but of the beauty and nobility of his nature there cannot be two opinions: he was the least material of men. If, like Browning, he did not "greet the Unseen with a cheer," he lived in the secret knowledge that the things which are not seen are eternal. He sat at his desk doing good, in accord with his own definition of good. The rage of parties, the rush of movements, the clash of creeds, never embroiled him. He surveyed such things temperately, defined (as he thought) their tendency, explained their true meaning, and, whenever he thought it worth while, exclaimed: "Observe this Giant, although he knows it not, he is with us, and where he is not with us he is wrong!"

Mr. Hutton's favourite method, excellent for his purpose, was to quote from the writings of the personality under review a passage that could be termed "A Confession," and then to proceed to interpret and mould the confession into harmony—indeed, often into identity—with his own philosophy of belief. It is not our business here to mould or to incline any man's thought into divergent channels; but it may be as well to quote Mr. Hutton's own confession in order to understand the standpoint from which he criticised the intellectual ethics of his day. The passage occurs in the article called "Matthew Arnold's New Christian Catechism":

If the Bible is not a revelation of the character of God, it is nothing in the world but a book the whole source of whose inspiration is illusion. And if it be, as I hold, the true revelation of the character of God, then the supernatural is real . . . Christ revealed God; and without God, his teaching would be baseless. Physical science reveals only law; and if there be anything beyond law, its teaching is inadequate.

There is something Titanesque in the way Mr. Hutton set himself each week to appreciate, to explain, to flout, or to annex to his own service the ripe thought of his day. None escaped him. Maurice, Clifford, Kingsley, Newman, Huxley, Tyndall, Jowett, Browning, Tennyson, Dr. Martineau, Mill, Matthew Arnold—he docketed them all. And having thus surveyed modern thought, having catalogued and classified the intellectual endeavour of his contemporaries, did this spiritual adjuster find himself at the end of his resources? Oh, no! Almost the last of Mr. Hutton's essays, that dated 1897, bears the title "The Limits of Divine Power."

The essayist had his favourites. Mr. John Morley receives the most punctilious salute as the foeman worthiest of his steel. The article is *apropos* a new chapter of the essay on "Compromise."

I am not ashamed [says Mr. Hutton] to feel far more sympathy with the nobler aspects of unbelief, than with the ignobler and shiftier aspects of so-called faith. A diplomatic Churchman, who has borrowed hardly anything from the Christian spirit except St. Paul's boast that he had been all things to all men, is a phenomenon which

seems to me far more threatening to the Christian faith of our own day than the sturdy and, so far at least as this essay goes, the charitable "I believe not" of such men as Mr. John Morley.

Mr. Hutton does not attempt to gather Mr. Morley into his net as he gathers Huxley; Mr. Morley is reprimanded and passed by with a sigh. His humanitarian religion will not do. It is an intellectual juggle, not a philosophical reconciliation; "indeed, I hardly expected such mere wistfulness of sentiment, such impracticable though kindly endeavour, from so robust a thinker." From Mrs. Besant, we gather, Mr. Hutton expected nothing. He ignores her, dismissing her as a writer

who must evidently be allowed to exhaust herself in a series of spasmodic feats of intellectual acrobaticism before she has any chance of gaining a position of calm and peaceful trust.

Let us glance briefly at three of the essays in this volume—those on Huxley, Mill, and Browning—which exemplify Mr. Hutton's method of showing that the views of other people, although they knew it not, were fundamentally in harmony with the views held by himself and his readers. The article on Huxley is called "The Great Agnostic," and was written in the week following the cessation of that "eager and opulent life." After a just and sympathetic panegyric, Mr. Hutton proceeds to quote the famous passage wherein Huxley likens human life to a game of chess between men and a hidden player:

We know that his [the hidden player's] play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. . . . My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life. Well, what I mean by education is learning the rules of this mighty game.

Most people, we imagine, whether they are with Huxley in his agnosticism or against him, would allow that this fine passage is quite in accordance with the agnostic position. Huxley's own experience, his knowledge of life, surely entitled him to say that the hidden antagonist is "always fair, just, and patient." Neither is it inconsistent with Huxley's agnosticism to depict the unseen antagonist as "a calm, strong angel playing for love," seeing that the imagery is adapted from Retzsch's picture, and Huxley expressly states that with the substitution of the angel for the fiend he would accept it as an image of human life. But Mr. Hutton does not see it in that light. The "great agnostic" must be caught and gently branded. Says Mr. Hutton:

Nothing seems to me clearer than that Prof. Huxley borrowed, from a religion which he thought wholly unproved, his description of the unseen player in this great game of life. . . . In my belief he had a half-unconscious craving, to which he thought it wrong to give way, for that passionate faith which he said that he desired to undermine in all cases in which there was, in his opinion, no possibility of what he termed unification.

Huxley's reply to this would have been pungent reading.

Browning, to most of us, is just Browning, observer and fighter, student of men and women, explorer of the human heart, profoundly interested in the tortuous workings of the human mind, and the myriad ways in which it tries to express its conviction of the moral law, and its realisation of God. Browning might have said: "Such is life as I see it; or, rather, as these men and women whom I have imagined see it." To create a theological Browning from his works is a task his readers could have well spared. It is almost naughty. A theological Browning! The morning star in a cope and mitre! Need we say Mr. Hutton

attempted it? "He was not an Athanasian," says Mr. Hutton. No, neither was he an Alsatian. "Perhaps," continues Mr. Hutton,

he did not hold theologically *the whole* [the italics are ours] of the Nicene Creed. But he held to the Incarnation in a sense much more eager and much more progressive and much more constant than he held to any of the doubts and hesitations which the opponents of that doctrine had suggested to him. He believed, from his heart, that Christ revealed God, and was personally the divine Son of God, in a sense a great deal deeper and a great deal more vivid and personal than most orthodox Christians.

Why, as well might one argue that Browning was a Theosophist from the lines in "Evelyn Hope":

Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
Much is to learn, much to forget,
Ere the time be come for taking you.

In the essay on John Stuart Mill we find the same partiality of interpretation; sympathetic and temperate, but none the less partial for that. This, according to Mr. Hutton, is the kind of influence that Mill must exercise on the development of English thought:

He will have convinced many materialists that, though there can be no omnipotent God of perfect holiness, there may be a very powerful, invisible Being who is helping us to struggle against impossible conditions, not much more or not much less mighty than Himself. And he will have induced certain Rationalists who smile at revelation to believe that it becomes a sceptic to reserve the possibility, at least, that Christ actually was exactly what in the first three Gospels He declares Himself to be.

If Mr. Hutton had private doubts, he does not allow them to appear in his writings. As he blandly strove to insist that all the best thought of his day was really in harmony with the Huttonian analysis of the eternal verities, so in poetry the best was ever what he chose to call the best. In one short article on "The Modern Poetry of Doubt," he gives four pontifical expressions of opinion, the wisdom of which is, to say the least, very arguable:

There is no lyric in all his [Tennyson's] volumes quite equal to that which tells how

. . . the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill.

The English language does not contain lines of despair at once so calm and so poignant as those with which he [Shelley] closed the unequal but marvellous poem of "Alastor":

It is a woe too "deep for tears" when all
Is reft at once, when some surpassing spirit,
Whose light adorned the world around it, leaves
Those who remain behind not sobs or groans,
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope,
But pale despair and cold tranquillity.
Nature's vast frame, the web of human things,
Birth and the grave, that are not what they were.

When will any chord be struck of a despair deeper than this?—

When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed.

There is nothing in our modern poetry more touching in its quiet sadness than this: [Then follow Arnold's lines beginning—

While we believed, on earth He went,
And open stood His grave,
Men called from chamber, church, and tent,
And Christ was by to save.]

These dogmatic utterances in the domain of poetry are typical of Mr. Hutton's habit of thought—a habit that

grew upon him as the years sped, to find him seated more firmly, and still more firmly, in the editorial chair, his congregation growing in numbers, and in affection and reverence for their self-appointed pastor. We doubt if he captured the younger minds—for youth is curious and implacable; but those who had grown up in the spiritual effulgence that shone from that sincere, dogged mind, that cut itself loose from tradition only to cling the more closely to it, never forsook him. His life was indeed one to be envied. He was the friend, the consoler, of a little nation of lovable and orthodox English men and women, who wanted nothing better than to be made more and more content with their folded pinions and the grassy track that led down, undulating a little here and there, to the promised end. It was a beautiful life, and the example remains; but that is all. The essays are interesting intellectual exercises, but they will not live. For such high honour the vision must be more direct, more personal, less pedagogic, less hidebound by the past. For such high honour the inspiration must come from the source, not from the mouth of the river.

Words, Words.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. Vol. IV.: Germano—Glass-Cloth. Vol. V.: Hod—Horizontal. (Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d. each)

THE two "parts" of Dr. Murray's dictionary which lie before us are like unto the others we have received. They amaze by their fulness, their penetration, and especially by their enormous trawl-catches of quotations. Dr. Murray's industry is best illustrated by comparing his Dictionary, section for section, with the dictionary which has hitherto borne the palm for comprehensiveness. Thus in the Germano—Glass-Cloth section the following table can be made:

	Century Dic.	New English Dic.
Words recorded: Germano—Glass-Cloth	954	2053
Words illustrated by quotations	409	1638
Illustrative Quotations	1108	8488

Similar figures might be given for the Hod—Horizontal, or any other, published section of Dr. Murray's work. But there is no need to insist on the superior size of the Great Pyramid.

We handed these two sections to a practical journalist; and we asked him to glance through the pages and jot down his impressions of the usefulness, to himself, of such words as may be uncommon, or curious, or more or less obsolete. He has done so, and this is what he writes:

"Germicidal" is the first word to attract me, for it is becoming clear that germicidal mania will soon have to be recognised as a morbid activity of these times. "Germinate" is a necessary, frequent word, but I do not propose to adopt Mr. Hall Caine's use of it. He is quoted from the *Times*: "A crowd of people gathered in the street and germinated alarming rumours." Correct, and even expressive, as this may be, it brings a smile. It seems to imply that the crowd knew what it was doing, and was set on the business. I like Jeremy Taylor in his sentence (worth quoting just now):

The Church was then a garden of the fairest flowers, it did daily germinate with blessings from Heaven, and Saints sprung up.

Here the "invaluable capital" (see Mr. Miall's excellent letter in last week's *ACADEMY*) can hardly be said to throw dust in the eyes. I should think that in these days of humanity and Old-Age Pensions the word "gerocomy," meaning the science of the treatment of the aged, stands

an imminent chance of being aired. "Gerrymander" is a word that I shall probably never use; but its origin, given by Dr. Murray, interests me:

1881 *Mem. Hist. Boston* III. 212 In 1812, while Elbridge Gerry was Governor of Massachusetts, the Democratic Legislature, in order to secure an increased representation of their party in the State Senate, districted the State in such a way that the shapes of the towns forming such a district in Essex county brought out a territory of regular outline. This was indicated on a map which Russell, the editor of the *Continent*, hung in his office. Stuart, the painter, observing it, added a head, wings, and claws, and exclaimed, 'That will do for a salamander!' 'Gerry-mander!' said Russell, and the word became a proverb.

I see that a *Quarterly Reviewer* is alone in spelling the word with a j—but, then, he is a *Quarterly Reviewer*. There is an interesting account of the old word "gests," in all its meanings. It was used for "deeds, exploits" in 1876 by Messrs. Besant and Rice in the *Golden Butterfly*: "Her bosom heaved when she heard of heroic gests." Perhaps she was trying to remember what the word signified. "Gesticulant" has a shade of meaning that would recommend it above "gesticulating" now and then. For example, Mr. Blackmore, in *Springhaven*:

The figure of the ungainly foe . . . huge against the waves like Cyclops, and, like him, gesticulant.

Now, had Mr. Blackmore written "like him, gesticulating," the image would have been ludicrous.

"Gesture," as a *verb*, is a word to keep in mind. It can do immense amount of work, thus (in the *Pall Mall Gazette*): "He . . . gestured his intention of throwing the baby to the ground if anybody attempted to approach him." But I think there is something forced in this use of it by Mr. Howells: "His father made an offer to rise. 'Don't go,' said Lapham, 'gesturing him down again.'" There is too much literary gesture here. "Get" is a little word, but it breedeth twenty-one columns of definitions and quotations in the Dictionary. It is a word of all work, so that you cannot expect it to be beautiful; but its more inelegant uses ought to be discouraged. "The book is prettily *got up*" is a frequent sentence: the book may be, but the sentence is not. There are many other uses of "get" and "got" which are too colloquial for a careful pen; the subject is tedious. Let me, however, share with the reader one quotation; it shines out of the page in biographical radiance:

Mr. Justice Grantham succeeded in getting the animal under control.

That is all. It will go down the ages conveying this glad upshot. The reports will gather dust and be neglected; judges will come and go, and the law become a yet more "ungodly jumble"; but there, safe in the great Dictionary, will stand the pleasing record: "Mr. Justice Grantham succeeded in getting the animal under control." Clearly it was a struggle, but—never shall it be doubtful that the amiable judge succeeded.

"Gibbeted" is an instance of a word surviving its unlamented parent. In 1886, according to one writer, it was still possible to be "gibbeted in the *Times*." An ugly word—let it go. "Giff-gaff," meaning mutual help, give and take, is not marked as obsolete. "The giff-gaff principle of making friends" is from the *Daily News* of March 22, 1892; the word seems crisp and useful. The giff-gaff system of reviewing books has been saddled with a far less expressive name. But giff-gaff also means interchange of remarks, promiscuous talk; and I can imagine it to be useful in this sense too; Mr. Crockett has it in his *Lilac Sunbonnet*: "the shrill giff-gaff of their colloquy." That is good. "Gig" has one or two obsolete and rare meanings of interest. It is obsolete in its meaning of a flighty girl, though a writer so comparatively modern as Mme. D'Arblay wrote in her diary: "Charlotte L— called, and the little gig told all the quarrels,"

In the sense of an oddity or fool the word probably survives locally. Whyte-Melville makes someone say in *Kate Coventry*: "Such a set of 'gigs,' my dear, I never saw in my life. . . . not a good-looking man amongst them." Yet note that the word is put into quotation marks. "In high gig" meant in high spirits. "Gig" had the third meaning of fun, glee. Sir Walter Besant locates the phrase in the thirties of this century in his *Fifty Years Ago*: "A laughter-loving lass of eighteen who dearly loved a bit of gig." No connexion with "giggle" is suggested. By the way, I see that Mr. Leslie Stephen has had the temerity to write of the House of Commons "giggling over some delicious story of bribery and corruption." Although "gig," a flighty girl, is obsolete, "giglet," meaning the same thing, is apparently not so. A writer in *Chambers's Journal* uses it with effect in the sentence: "Why should female clerks in the postal service consist of pert giglets hardly out of their teens?" "Giglet fairs" (for hiring female farm-servants) are still held in the West of England. From "gig" we may pass to "girl," and find that "girlery" stands good as an English word. Lamb used it in a letter to Wordsworth in the sense of girls collectively; and it is to be found in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. Probably Christopher North re-invented it. "Girn," to show the teeth in rage or pain, is a strong word. "The mastiff girns" is from Browning; and we must all have seen it in *The Water Babies*: "how she [the otter] did grin and girn when she saw Tom." I pass on, skipping twenty-eight columns under "Give," and end my inspection of the "G" words with "gladful." The only writer quoted as using it since Spenser is Mr. William Watson: "Then came the gladful morn."

Between Hod and Horizontal I find fewer interesting words. "Hoddynood" and "hoddypeak" and "hoddypoll," each meaning a simpleton, are obsolete, though simpletons survive. "Hodiernal" is a word above and beyond me. Someone is quoted as writing: "The commonest events of hodiernal life." Hoity-toity! By the way, you may make hoity-toity into a noun. Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton in the *Athenæum*: "The talk gets naturally upon 'lords' in general, gentility, nonsense, and 'hoity-toityism' as the canker at the heart of modern civilisation." A "holimonth" is a month's holiday—but it is an impossible word. "Hulus-bolus," all at once, all at a gulp, was used by Mr. Morley a few years ago. To modern minds "honey-dew" is a brand of tobacco and little else, but to our forefathers it was the sweet sticky substance found on the leaves and stems of trees, and was associated in their minds with manna. Pliny thought that honey-dew was "either the sweat of the heaven, or the slaver or spittle of the stars, or the moisture of the air purging itself." From this to Kingsley in *Two Years Ago* is a transition: "I say, how do you sell honeydew?" "Honeymoon" may mean, by transference, "the first warmth of newly established friendly relations." "Spain in the honey-moon of her new servitude" is from Burke, and 'twill serve now. "The brief honeymoon of the new king and his parliament," writes Mr. Goldwin Smith. "Honorificabilitudinitas" is a grandiose extension of *honorificabilitudo*—honourableness. It is marked as obsolete. So it is in a sense; but its existence is in no danger. So long as the "Bits" order of journalism survives, and so long as the *Burslem Intelligencer* or *Okhampton Star* have corners to fill, there will appear this sentence: "The longest word in the English language is honorificabilitudinitas." "Hoodpick" is obsolete; it meant a miser in the seventeenth century. "Hooky-crooky" is scarce and American, but should be useful to describe underhand methods. "Hope-lost" is also obsolete, and is surely worth reviving in its meaning of a despairing man, one who has lost hope. Wrote someone in 1648: "Like a Company of poor Hope-losts they look up to that place of Honour, where erst they sat." Many a good word does the same.

A Poet of Content.

The Shorter Poems of Robert Bridges. (Bell & Sons. 1s. net.)

MR. ROBERT BRIDGES for a shilling! These are democratic times indeed. It is true that the shilling is a shilling net, and true democracy demands the remission of threepence, but the concession is not the less for it, and we thank Messrs. Bell cordially for this pocketable and distinguished little book. The choice is a good one too, for if Mr. Bridges is ever to win his way to what is called popularity it will be with his *Shorter Poems*, rather than with the longer poems or plays. For a poet's plays the general reader—that not altogether unreasonable and very honest tyrant—cares nothing; nor is he over eager to peruse any form of poetry that requires a long sitting and close attention; but lyrics he loves, especially lyrics of the open air and fair ladies.

Yet whether or not he will love Mr. Bridges's lyrics is another matter. Mr. Bridges has certain qualities not quite to the taste of the general reader: he is austere classical, precise, reticent. He refrains from fervid autobiography. He holds some things too sacred for print. His first concern as a poet is to please his own mind, and as his own mind is cloistral and super-refined, and as the general reader's mind is not, there may be difficulties. And yet, none the less, there are many moments when the poet and the non-poet are at one: in his love of river and hill, of bird and flower, of September gardens and winter sunshine, of sea and cloud, Mr. Bridges but expresses—with, of course, much of beauty added—the sentiments of most of his thinking countrymen. This little book is the discreet and exquisite expression of a rapturous love of nature and the best things of life.

None the less, we fancy that Mr. Bridges will remain always a poet's poet. His ear is too delicate, his experiments in metre are too nice. The ordinary reader is so often baulked in the pleasant occupation of keeping time to the syllables with finger or foot. It is the poets who go *tip-tippety* that find their way to the large circulations; Mr. Bridges, we can believe, is peculiarly disappointing at times, for he chooses the *tip-tippety* subjects, and brings to them an austerity usually associated with the poetry rather of the soul than of nature.

But these are matters about which enough has been said. Let us, rather, refresh our memory of Mr. Bridges's beautiful art. Here, for example, is that clean and cheery cloud poem from Book I., one of the few—too few—cloud poems that exist:

Who has not walked upon the shore,
And who does not the morning know,
The day the angry gale is o'er,
The hour the wind has ceased to blow?

The horses of the strong south-west
Are pastured round his tropic tent,
Careless how long the ocean's breast
Sob on and sigh for passion spent.

The frightened birds that fled inland
To house in rock and tower and tree,
Are gathering on the peaceful strand,
To tempt again the sunny sea;

Whereon the timid ships steal out
And laugh to find their foe asleep,
That lately scattered them about,
And drave them to the fold like sheep.

The snow-white clouds he northward chased
Break into phalanx, line, and band:
All one way to the south they haste,
The south, their pleasant fatherland.

From distant hills their shadows creep,
Arrive in turn and mount the lea,
And flit across the downs, and leap
Sheer off the cliff upon the sea;

And sail and sail far out of sight.
But still I watch their fleecy trains,
That piling all the south with light,
Dapple in France the fertile plains.

The stanzas illustrate Mr. Bridges's pictorial power. Indeed, these *Shorter Poems* are a veritable little landscape exhibition: there is a picture in every line. Look, for instance, at this nocturne:

The clouds have left the sky,
The wind hath left the sea,
The half-moon up on high
Shrinketh her face of dree.

She lightens on the comb
Of leaden waves, that roar
And thrust their hurried foam
Up on the dusky shore.

Behind the western bars
The shrouded day retreats,
And unperceived the stars
Steal to their sovran seats.

And whiter grows the foam,
The small moon lightens more;
And as I turn me home,
My shadow walks before.

Is it not clear and distinct? More timely is this lyric of the spring:

Spring goeth all in white,
Crowned with milk-white may;
In fleecy flocks of light
O'er heaven the white clouds stray;

White butterflies in the air;
White daisies prank the ground;
The cherry and hoary pear
Scatter their snow around.

That is Mr. Bridges's simplest way. In his more luscious manner is "Nightingales," a poem in which some of the melancholy of the bird's song, some of the beauty of the May night, seems to linger:

NIGHTINGALES.

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams wherefrom
Ye learn your song.

Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air
Bloom the year long!

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams;
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams—
A throe of the heart,

Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark, nocturnal secret; and then,
As night is withdrawn

From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of
May,
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
Welcome the dawn.

But for richest lusciousness, perhaps, the experiment in what has been called "honeycomb verse"—"The Garden in September"—is the best. The subject, of course, is luscious in itself; the very title is almost a poem. Mr. Bridges begins:

Now thin mists temper the slow ripening beams
Of the September sun: his golden gleams
On gaudy flowers shine, that prank the rows
Of high-grown hollyhocks, and all tall shows
That Autumn flaunteth in his bashy bowers;
Where tomtits hanging from the drooping heads
Of giant sunflowers, peck the nutty seeds;
And in the feathery aster bees on wing
Seize and set free the honied flowers,
Till thousand stars leap with their visiting:

While ever across the path mazily flit,
Unpiloted in the sun,
The dreamy butterflies
With dazzling colours powdered and soft glooms,
White, black and crimson stripes, and peacock eyes,
Or on chance flowers sit,
With idle effort plundering one by one
The nectaries of deepest throated blooms.

Mr. Bridges is, indeed, a poet to envy. To have such a garden, to be so constantly alive to beautiful things, is truly desirable. And he caps all by this confession:

The idle life I lead
Is like a pleasant sleep,
Wherein I rest and heed
The dreams that by me sweep.

And still of all my dreams
In turn so swiftly past,
Each in its fancy seems
A nobler than the last.

And every eve I say,
Noting my step in bliss,
That I have known no day
In all my life like this.

Few voices in these degenerate, discontented days utter such satisfaction as this. Rather is complaint the fashion. We honour the poet for his content.

By these extracts we have done Mr. Bridges less than justice; but then we have quoted to serve not his but our own ends. They may, however, we trust, send many persons to the book.

The Groundwork of Science.

The Groundwork of Science: a Study in Epistemology. By St. George Mivart. (John Murray.)

MEN of science who are something more than narrow specialists seldom fail to recognise that the phenomena they study are ultimately inexplicable without recourse to fundamental assumptions of metaphysics. The more adequately they recognise this fact, the more clearly will they endeavour to draw the line between the phenomena of science which lie on its hither side and the noumenal existence which lies beyond. And it is the cardinal duty of anyone who attempts to deal with the insensible web of metaphysical causation which forms the groundwork of science to distinguish with the utmost clearness between the realities of experience and the underlying realities in terms of which experience may itself be explained. It is here that Dr. Mivart in his recent work, as in previous works, fails. We do not doubt his honesty of purpose; we do not question his ability; but we believe him to be lacking in that rare gift of discriminating insight in matters fundamental without which the most honest and able craftsman may exercise his craft in vain.

A long and unnecessarily elaborated argument leads up to the conclusion that external objects, at any rate in so far as their so-called primary qualities are concerned, have an independent existence, for which an unexplained and questionable intuition vouches. Almost pathetic is the earnestness with which Dr. Mivart pleads for a belief in the reality of matter. We say "pleads" rather than "argues," for where intuitions are concerned argument is futile for those who are not so unfortunate as to possess them. Now we know the doctrine of the independent and noumenal existence of the matter and energy with which science deals. It is termed materialism. Unquestionably, Dr. Mivart is a materialist in this sense; but for him matter and energy do not by any means exhaust the realities of noumenal existence. In the closing words of the book: "Unless we are profoundly mistaken, it is only through the conception of such an active causative principle underlying and pervading the material cosmos,

together with the recognition of the dignity of human reason, that we can understand the groundwork of science and attain to a final and satisfactory epistemology." So that we have two sorts of noumenal existence—(1) matter and energy, and (2) an underlying causative principle. These must be either co-ordinate, or the one subordinate to the other. It can hardly be doubted that Dr. Mivart would choose the latter alternative. We may, indeed, fairly assume from the general tenor of his work that matter and energy are themselves to be regarded as the product of the principle of causation. If this be so, we have one noumenon causing another, and that other causing the phenomena of sensation!

Now Dr. Mivart accepts and, in another connexion, makes skilful and effective use of Occam's maxim: "Entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem"; but he does not seem to have realised that its application here rules out altogether his subordinate noumenon, leaving, on the one hand, the phenomena of experience, and, on the other, the underlying principle of causation: matter and energy belonging to the former category.

We are not sure that Dr. Mivart has reached sound conceptions of causation. It is of fundamental importance to distinguish between causation as understood by science, on the one hand, and metaphysical causation, on the other. The former is expressed in terms of antecedence and sequence, and involves an indefinite retrogression to the limits of weariness. The latter is the true groundwork of science, its essential *raison d'être*. Physics deals with the sequence of phenomena in terms of matter and motion. Psychology deals with a sequence of states of consciousness in terms of cognition, emotion, and so forth. The metaphysics of physics deals with force as the cause of the motion of material systems; the metaphysics of mind deals with the force which underlies the sequence of states of consciousness. The one word *force*, thus understood, sums up the groundwork of science. For some this is merely a synonym for the unknowable; but we agree with the author that it is also the Supreme Reason, and that this is why the phenomena of science form a rational system, of which the symmetric form of the crystal, the painted wing of the butterfly, the instinct of the spider, the intelligence of the dog, and the intellect of man, are direct or indirect expressions.

A Superior Family.

The Etchingham Letters. By Ella Fuller Maitland and Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart. (Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

Good genuine letters, growing from a spontaneous desire on the part of the writer to please and interest a friend, are rare enough. How much more so are good artificial letters by literary experimentalists! In fact, the manufactured letter is almost always a failure, judged as a letter, however informing it may be. The author seems to be confronted by the insuperable difficulty of self-consciousness, proceeding from the knowledge that the destined haven of the missive is not, as it ought to be, the pocket of an intimate correspondent, but naked print. Few letters will stand print; and the better they stand it, by so much the less are they good as letters. Many of the letters which it is customary to extol (and quite rightly) for what they say and the way they say it, must have cut a very poor figure at the breakfast-table when they were originally opened. Probably the best letters of all—letters, not essays or "causeries"—pass between obscure persons who have never thought of authorship, or heard that it is wrong to underline and shameful to split an infinitive.

So much of preamble to these studies in literary epistolising called *The Etchingham Letters*, which never succeed in persuading us that the services of the Post

Office were for a moment requisitioned. Even had they been anonymous, we should still have doubted their genuineness; but with the names of the collaborators on the title-page, of course all illusion is defeated. It is not so that retired Indian officials write to their sisters. The little somethings that make for credibility are lacking: brothers and sisters, even when the brother is a baronet, do not assume these courtly attitudes, these polite distances. No, these corresponding Etchinghams fail to convince. Also, we regret to say, they fail to a large extent to entertain. Their minds are too superior, their sympathies too narrow; their caste teaches them to touch life only superficially. We can follow the love affairs of the family with but very languid attention, and we rapidly tire of Hans-place society, among whom Elizabeth Etchingham dwells. Sir Richard's environment, at Tolcarne in Wessex, is more tolerable; but there again we are much in a world of exiguous donnish intellect. Indeed, as we read on, Walt Whitman's plea came into mind:

O something pernicious and dread!
Something far away from a pious and puny life!
Something unproved! something in a trance!
Something escaped from the anchorage and driving free!

And there it remained, a continuous undertone of protest, until we had done.

None the less there are pleasant and well-thought things in the book. Sir Richard has much learning, and some of his criticisms are suggestive, although it seems to us that he underrates Maeterlinck. His praise of Colonel Tod's *Rajasthan* is excellent, and it should be the means of inducing a publisher to issue a new and accessible edition, especially at this season of joy in heroic deeds and men of might. This is a timely word on Omar Kháyyám, upon whom Sir Frederick Pollock is, of course, an authority:

Some draw the wine to drink thereof full deep.
And some i' the mosque their night-long vigil keep—
Unsteadfast all, tossed on a shoreless flood;
For ONE doth wake; fools in their folly sleep.

So says Omar Kháyyám, the real and serious Omar, I conceive, when he rends the veil of his ambiguous conventional imagery, and ceases from his antinomian flings against the formalism of both mullahs and sūfis. How do I know, you may say, that this and not the other—or one of the others—is the real Omar? Well, I don't; but this and like utterances—not fitting into the common forms even of unorthodoxy—seem far less likely to have been interpolated than the six hundred and one stanzas about wine and moonlight and the lips of the beloved by the lip of the field (the boundary between tith and wilderness in a country living on irrigation), which scores of versifiers might have written at any time over several centuries. Not that the wine and moon, and so forth, need always have their literal meaning, or only that meaning. My own belief is that the reader is often wilfully left to take his choice as he may deserve; but that is yet another story.

One thing we may point out before leaving the book: there are a great many people who very naturally dislike to see any distortion of the Scriptures, and for their sakes it might have been worth while to omit the parody of Proverbs xxx., amusing though it may be to the irreverent.

Be you still, be you still, trembling heart;
Remember the wisdom out of the old days:
He who trembles before the flame and the flood,
And the winds that blow through the starry ways,
Let the starry winds and the flame and the flood
Cover over and hide, for he has no part
With the proud, majestic multitude.

From "The Wind Among the Reeds," by
W. B. Yeats.

Other New Books.

DONEGAL AND ANTRIM.

BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

This is a worthy addition to the series which was begun with Mr. Norway's *Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall*. Mr. Gwynn carries on the tradition well and with a genuine love of his subject, yet with discretion. He does not strain a single quality of the country, and admits that its history is only "the vague tradition of a defeated race, and a legend-lore which has never been wrought into poetry." It is a country "for the most part remote, lonely, and storm-beaten." But with all this to its discredit, scenery and people are alike delightful. "Always you will be among the same brown and purple mountains, always in sight and seldom out of hearing of the sea, always you will be crossing swift, peaty streams and rivers, every one of them the home of trout and salmon, and harbouring no coarser fish: always there will be, on the one hand, the home of snipe, grouse, and woodcock, and the haunt of cormorant and seagull on the other; in short, you will be in the ideal country for a holiday, always somewhere between the heather and the sea." Mr. Gwynn wisely advises the tourist to talk to carmen and boatmen, and absorb their humour and modified Lowland Scottish dialect. Of their quaint inversions and happy choice of words he gives many examples. Speaking of a field overgrown with rushes, an Antrim man said: "It'll be a quare tragedy gettin' them rushes out o' thon field." That is delightful. "Are there fish in the pool to-day?" "Fish is it? It's fair polluted with them." A poor woman's answer to a lady who asked her whether she was a widow, was: "'Deed, mem, A'm the worst soort o' a wudda; A'm an ould maid." A notable feature of the book is that Mr. Hugh Thomson appears in it as a landscape draughtsman. We certainly prefer his figure studies, which here, as elsewhere, are delightful. (Macmillan. 5s.)

EMERALDS CHASED IN GOLD.

BY JOHN DICKSON.

We speak of the British Islands, forgetting that they are many. Yet our Island's islands are fascinating in their remoteness, and lovely in their storm-guarded peace. "The farthest Hebrides," wrote Wordsworth, and left us wondering. On these uncatalogued islands men live with Nature and a weather-beaten parson, and do not know that they are envied. Ten such can be seen from Edinburgh, or, at least, from Blackford Hill, as Scott well knew:

Yonder the shore of Fife you saw;
Here Preston Bay and Berwick Law;
And broad between them rolled,
The gallant Firth the eye might note,
Whose Islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.

Mr. John Dickson has written a very careful and a very charming book about these emeralds chased in gold, whose names a herald might mouth with satisfaction; they are: Inchgarvie, Inchcolm, Inchkieth, the Bass Rock, the Isle of May, Cramond, Inchmickery, Fidra, Craigleith, and the Lamb. Of these only three have found historians, and all have been insufficiently described. Mr. Dickson is thorough. His thoroughness is human enough to omit mention of Dr. Johnson's visit to the Bass Rock, though he describes Carlyle's visit to Inchkieth. The proprietorship, geology, agricultural character, and past history of each island are entered into with loving care. Of fine material there is no lack, for several of the islands were once homes of piety. On Inchcolm stands the ruins of the monastery which Alexander I. vowed to Saint Columba, after being storm-bound on the island for three weeks. A poor anchorite, a disciple of the saint, shared with him and his courtiers the milk and shell-fish which were his only food. Inchkieth is rich in the family history of Keiths, Strathmores, and Buccleughs. May had its priory, and on it

the saintly Adrian was murdered by the Danes, as Wyntoun saith:

And upon holy Thursday
Saynt Adrian thai slave in May
Wyth mony of hys Company.

On Fidra are the remains of a hermitage, which "appears to have served the purpose of a desert to the sisterhood of North Berwick, when they wished greater quietude for meditation and devotion than their regular place of residence afforded them." The Bass Rock, which became a scene of martyrdom when Charles II. decided that Presbyterianism was not "fit for a gentleman," is the best-known of the islands; but Mr. Dickson has added to our knowledge of its civil and ecclesiastical history. A very sound little book. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.)

POEMS AT WHITE NIGHTS.

BY GORDON BOTTOMLEY.

The Unicorn Books of Verse now number five, and all have character of their own. Mr. Bottomley, whose title is due to admiration of *Marius the Epicurean*, is a conscientious artificer with the sense of beauty ever awake. His verse is perhaps a thought too sedate for a lyricist, but it is interesting and well chiselled. We should have liked more epigrams and fewer sonnets. Lander's own grace is suggested here: On Lander's Poems Found in a Cedar-wood Desk:

Comatas, prisoned in a cedarn chest,
Was fed by bees that sought his honeyed song;
But these forgotten fragments, far more blest,
Live by their own clear sweetness, cool and strong.

There is room for a poet who will take up Lander's old office of addressing his contemporaries in wise and melodious quatrains and octaves. Mr. Bottomley might apply for the post. (Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d.)

IVORY, APES AND PEACOCKS.

BY "ISRAFAEL."

We do not know which wearies us most—"Israfel's" fine writing, or his attempts to be funny. Here are the two in combination:

And when the poetic Southern moon, which can fire the heart of a tourist or the top of a soda-water bottle, shines on the desert, and water and distance are veiled in a silver haze of illusion, the beauty of the Suez Canal seems to me to share the psychology of Chopin's most mournful preludes and the wonderful elemental sadness of Tchaikovsky's music.

"Israfel" is musical, and whithersoever he travels he never forgets that he has been to Bayreuth. "The sea colours are as nervously and perfectly and bewilderingly interwrought with one another as the *leit-motifs* in 'Tristan.'" The Bazaar at Bombay, seen for the first time, has "the fluidity and the intense life of music; it is like the prismatic 'Preislied' in the 'Meistersinger' heard for the first time." Bombay itself has atmospheric effects "beautiful as those in the 'Rheingold.'" The oleander has a "Chopinesque perfume." At Jeypore "the plain theme of the bullock cart is wondrously orchestrated." It is a pity that "Israfel" riots thus, for he has eyes and words at his command, and could do better. (Unicorn Press.)

THE QUEST OF FAITH.

BY THOMAS BAILEY SAUNDERS.

These essays, of which parts have seen the light in the *Athenaeum*, deal with some of the serious contributions to the doubt of our own day. Huxley's *Collected Essays* are the text of a discourse on Agnosticism. Mr. Balfour's *Foundations of Faith* are taken as an example of how the sceptical spirit may apply itself to discredit the sceptic. Mr. Gladstone's *Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Butler*, and the Duke of Argyll's defence of the teleological argument, suggest reflections on the relations of Butler's and Paley's influence to the thought of a later generation. All these things are done calmly, and you can always understand what Mr. Saunders means. (A. & C. Black. 7s. 6d.)

Fiction.

The Amateur Cracksmen. By E. W. Hornung.
(Methuen & Co. 6s.)

THE modern story of crime, its detection or its perpetration, wherein the leading factor is ingenuity of plot, probably deserves more critical attention than it has hitherto received. It may not be the highest development of fiction, but it is a form of literary art—or rather, to be cautious, there is no reason why it should not be a form of literary art. Three things are necessary, so G. H. Lewes has told us, to good literature—vision, sincerity, and æsthetic beauty. Now no one would deny that the Sherlock Holmes series, for example, has both vision and sincerity; Dr. Conan Doyle “realises” intensely, and his best work is obviously and thoroughly sincere. That his outlook is narrow, and his characters crudely conventionalised, is beside the point, for all art is narrow when compared to life, and all art must be more or less conventional; without convention one could not have form. Where Dr. Doyle and his imitators fall short is in the quality of æsthetic beauty, of which most of them seem to have not the slightest perception. It must be said, however, for Mr. E. W. Hornung that his book does disclose a certain feeling for beauty. His search for the precise epithet is sometimes quite successful, and all his stories have a gracefulness of contour not often to be observed in this species of work. Mr. Hornung is avowedly an imitator (or shall we say a “flatterer”?) of Dr. Doyle. Yet he has his originalities. His hero, A. J. Raffles, possesses, it is true, the Sherlock Holmes attributes; but he uses them for the commission of crimes, not for their punishment. Of course, he was not “really” a criminal—only an amateur, though an amateur who could meet and beat most professionals. He had a code of honour, and stuck to it; otherwise he would have been impossible as a hero.

“We shall have our work cut out,” was all I said.

“And do you suppose I should be keen on it if we hadn’t?” cried Raffles. “My dear fellow, I would rob St. Paul’s Cathedral if I could, but I could no more scoop a till when the shop-walker wasn’t looking than I could bag the apples out of an old woman’s basket. Even that little business last month was a sordid affair, but it was necessary, and I think its strategy redeemed it to some extent. Now there’s some credit, and more sport, in going where they boast they’re on their guard against you. The Bank of England, for example, is the ideal crib.”

And so on, till all one’s notions of right and wrong are turned topsy-turvy. A. J. Raffles is successful in all his little affairs till the last one, when a grim Scottish detective, who has shadowed him throughout, brings him up all standing. The “amateur” escapes with his life from a precarious position, and probably Mr. Hornung’s intention is that at a future date he shall renew his doubtful activities.

The book is distinctly a good one. It is perhaps inferior to its exemplar in that wealth of corroborative detail which convinces, and that ingenuity of weaving which enthral, but, on the other hand, it has a lightness and brightness which Dr. Doyle never attempted.

Life at Twenty. By Charles Russell Morse.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. MORSE must expect to be depreciated as an imitator of Mr. George Meredith. He has certainly caught the manner of that master so closely that one’s irritation at what at first seems something deliberately affected passes into astonishment that the ironies should furnish England’s only Richter with so plausible a double. In respect of style, Mr. Morse consistently remains at the level of a

telegraph wire above the ground. Opposed to the feebleness of common writing, this richness of phrase inspires our gratitude, but it does not answer the desideratum of Mr. Herbert Spencer with regard to a perfect style for imparting information. Far from reducing the “friction” to a minimum, Mr. Morse engages us in a combat with triumphantly contorted sentences, and when it is a case of imagining the position of a locality or the details of a story we could wish him to be more lucid. There is one considerable error he might have avoided if he had studied the dialogue of Mr. Henry James as well as the no longer inimitable manner of setting forth which, in the case of Mr. Meredith, creeps into the life of his puppets to the disadvantage of their separate individuality. A peculiarly intellectual tone enters into the talk of all Mr. Morse’s important male characters, with the exception of his wicked baronet. Mr. Morse is himself Jim, Holt, Crowell, and Stalker. Jim is the son of a typical farm-labourer. He has enjoyed a fair education, but this is how he talks: “Take the elderly man and the petticoated naïveté. . . . She finds his sensibilities ordered belligerent around his purse. . . . Touch his solvency and you are into the quick of his doleful existence.” Holt has a taste for the abstract. “Have you seen Weldon’s lines?” he asks, adding: “A good instance of the man with a wish to do, and the fancied faculty to apply immediate means to an end remotely conceived to approximate the consummate.” Stalker, to whom this remark is addressed, seems not insensible to its unnecessary abstruseness; yet it is he who observes that, in a state of supreme content, man is “advised of the universe’s control in the cocksure of happiness that inflates his own thorax.” His silly insult to Mozart (p. 171) should not have passed unrebuked. Crowell we suppose to be a big, awkward fellow. He is compared to a “grampus in love.” Yet on the heroine’s threatening to run if he lose his sense of propriety, he thus replies with refinement and polish: “The loss should excuse any ultimate action in me as your captor.” Mr. Morse is not overburdened with plot. His “Rose” is tempted nigh to falling, and her recovery sounds the most melodramatic note in the book. There is a true femininity about his women: a certain Tabitha has the ageless sweetness of lavender. We have quoted some ugly sentences, and *pace tua*, Mr. Morse, we object to split infinitives. But the wit of the novel is undeniable and often brilliant, the acuteness of its reflections remarkable. Mr. Morse observes both nature and human nature with calm, keen eyes. His description of the little society of naturalists called “The Tramps” is clever and thorough: only a naturalist could have done it. Great things may be hoped for from Mr. Morse. His sense of beauty will grow, and with that growth what is otiose and ugly will drop away from his work.

An Earthly Fulfilment. By John Reay Watson.
(Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THIS is a study of middle-class life in a remote town of Australia. To judge from the chapter headings (“XXV.—Halts on the Verge of a Climax,” and so on), you would think it was old-fashioned in methods. But it is not so. The author has, probably, absorbed French models. He is clever and sincere, and has a due sense of the dignity of his art. He tries to be a realist, and within limits he succeeds. The greyiness of life does not daunt him. He records faithfully and neatly, if without distinction. The calamity is that his devotion to accuracy of detail interferes with his sense of the dramatic. In art accuracy is desirable, but dramatic quality is more than desirable—it is essential. An artist is an artist because he discerns the bright-hued drama which underlies even the greyest existences.

To put the matter in another and commoner way: Mr. Watson is dull. But we think that he will not always be dull, for in one or two scenes he has contrived to rid himself of the obsession of trivial observations, and the result is good. The plot of *An Earthly Fulfilment*, reduced to its simplest, is an old one: the love of two women for one man. As regards the women, Minnie Turner is a girl, Alison Hunter is a married woman, and the man, Haddie Clarke, is not her husband. Minnie has just allowed Clarke to kiss her—

"Someone is there," she said, in maidenly anger.

He turned quickly, and fell back, terror-stricken for the moment. Mrs. Hunter stood in the doorway a picture of dismay, and looking for a way to escape.

"You here?" he said quiveringly. An unshaped fear ran through his blood and left him motionless.

Minnie advanced to Mrs. Hunter, who retreated into the shop; Haddie purposely came between them.

"Don't come near me," cried Mrs. Hunter to him. "Have I not suffered enough? What is there left in me to ruin? Have you no pity, no mercy?"

Minnie stood in the doorway looking at her. The woman's manner was inexplicable to her. She felt that its inner meaning was far outside her experience. Words jingled in her brain devoid of meaning, yet she realised that the whole situation threatened a catastrophe. She caught a look from the terrified Mrs. Hunter, and she felt suddenly that she herself was degraded in her part in this scene. She saw her sex as only a barren necessity of man's existence. Life thundered emptily in her ears, and she sank back afraid.

Mrs. Hunter had left her home.

The chapter in which this passage occurs is the best in the book, and it indicates a natural power which Mr. Watson will do well not to hamper by too strict obedience to a mere theory of technique.

The Capsina. By E. F. Benson.
(Methuen. 6s.)

MR. BENSON'S new book, like its predecessor, *The Vintage*, deals with the Greek war of Independence. *The Capsina* is the head of a longshore tribe. She scores off the old wise men, and holds them up to the ridicule of the parish council, and so secures her position against any Salique prejudice. She builds ships and sails them, engages Turkish vessels and sinks them by twos and threes. Then she falls in love with a person who acts as her first lieutenant: he is styled "little" Mitsos because he is so big. Mr. Benson would seem to have taken some trouble in the study of places and events, and, therefore, it is with reluctance that we confess that his story has failed to win our sympathy, or even to hold our attention. A typical passage from this narrative of action may make the reader understand why:

"Hoist the foresail," she cried [they were pursuing two of the enemy's ships].

Mitsos looked up; the ship, he knew, was carrying as much sail as she could.

"You will lose your mast," he said.

The *Capsina* turned on him furiously. "Let us lose it then," she cried.

"And you will go no faster," he said. "More sail will only stop the ship."

"That is what they say," she remarked. "They say it pulls the ship over, and makes the bows dip. What do you advise, little Mitsos?"

We do not question the accuracy of the seamanship; we think it quite likely that more sail than enough "will only stop the ship." Perhaps the same fault is committed sometimes by writers of romance, with similar "pulling over" consequences.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE GAME AND THE CANDLE. By RHODA BROUGHTON.

Here is the work of the practised novelist. Nothing could be more clean-cut or suggestive of future drama than Miss Broughton's first chapter, in which Henry Etheredge, in his fifty-sixth year, seeks, with his dying breath, to wring from his wife, of whose past fidelity he was assured, a promise not to marry "the person of whom you took leave five years ago beside the fountain in the circular garden." He had witnessed the parting from behind a yew hedge, and this was the first time he had mentioned the matter. (Macmillan. 6s.)

ON THE EDGE OF
A PRECIPICE.

By MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

Miss Dickens's name is a guarantee of careful work and character-drawing above the ordinary. Here we watch the attempt of a feckless but resourceful loafer to marry an heiress whose memory has been destroyed in a bicycle accident. Theatrical life, more or less shady, moves in the background. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

A SEMI-DETACHED MARRIAGE. By ARABELLA KENEALY.

A shrewd and witty book by a lady who is stepping surely to the front rank of novelists. The motive is the unhappy life of a healthy English girl, wedded to a neurotic with the artistic temperament. He holds that "Love is a flame celestial, a spark Olympian, never intended for the warming apparatus of a drawing-room." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

MORE METHODIST IDYLLS.

By HARRY LINDSAY.

We were able to give warm praise to Mr. Lindsay's first series of *Methodist Idylls*. They showed an intimate and sympathetic knowledge of life in Methodist circles; and in style and treatment they were not wanting. Here we have a new batch. (Bowden. 6s.)

THE MAN BETWEEN.

By ROBERT HALIFAX.

This story, by the author of *All for a Woman*, is "the record of a rare romance, bound up with two hearts and a treasure-hunt." A tale full of mystery and action. The following snatch of a song, twice quoted, gives its keynote:

Heigh-ho! it's a beautiful world, sirs,
If only you'll study your tide;
Here grins a rock, there threatens a shock;
But, devil! the ocean's wide.
Ho! stand at the helm yourselves, sirs,
And lay hard to your memorée:
It's never a boat as'll keep ye afloat
But—"a fig for old Destiny!"

(Richards. 6s.)

HER PROMISE TRUE.

By DORA RUSSELL.

Miss Russell is an industrious writer of readable novels. She has written another, showing how Belle Wayland kept, or rather did not keep, the promise she gave to Hugh Gilbert on the Hove sea wall. (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

THE MAN AND HIS KINGDOM.

By E. P. OPPENHEIM.

A romance of a tiny South American State. The reader's curiosity is aroused at the outset, when Gregory Dene and Miss Denison, each bound for San Martino, meet on ship-board. Intrigue, fighting, and love throw their varying lights on the pages. (Ward & Lock. 3s. 6d.)

THE UNCALLED.

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

Mr. Dunbar is the negro poet, the author of *Lyrics of Lowly Life*. His novel is of pious provincial life in Ohio. A quiet and pathetic story. (Service & Paton. 6s.)

THE PASSING OF PRINCE ROZAN. BY JOHN BICKERDYKE.

Mr. Bickerdyke has contrived a story in which the Old Bailey and the Arctic Sea, a City swindle and "five hundred miles in a small open boat," are blended in a narrative that, if it contains many improbabilities, is vigorous and entertaining throughout. (Burleigh. 6s.)

THE FAITH THAT KILLS. BY EMERIC HULME-BEAMAN.

The principal episode of this readable story is an evening at a club (not *the* Suicide Club) where members play cards for their lives, the holder of the ace of spades being bound to drink then and there from a bowl of subtle poison causing a painless death. The dedication is to Mr. Kipling. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

FOR BETTER OR WORSE? BY CONRAD HOWARD.

Mr. Howard dedicates his novel to the fathers and mothers of the twentieth century, his purpose being that they shall read, mark, and digest his pages, and learn thereby to instruct their children differently in religious matters. Let us teach our children about evolution first, and read about creation later: that is the author's view. (Unwin. 6s.)

ON THE EDGE OF THE EMPIRE. BY EDGAR JEPSON AND CAPTAIN D. BEAMES.

Mr. Jepson is already known by his *Passion for Romance*. Here he has collaborated with a practical soldier in a series of stories of fighting and plotting in Northern India and on the Afghan border. (Heinemann. 6s.)

FORBIDDEN BANNS. BY ANNABEL GRAY.

A melodrama in the form of a novel. "You like women, major?" "I think they are about the best diversion going in this weary world—better than cards, races, betting, or drink, anyway." (White. 6s.)

ROSE-À-CHARLITTE. BY MARSHALL SAUNDERS.

The hero is Vesper Nimmo. Years before, an ancestor had been an active figure among the Americans who persecuted and imprisoned the Acadians. One young Acadian, dying, cursed him and his line. With the hope of making some restitution Vesper visits Nova Scotia, and becomes friendly with the French settlers there—and meets Rose-à-Charlitta. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE DEATH THAT LURKS UNSEEN. BY J. G. FLETCHER.

We do not like the system of naming a book of short stories solely by the first story it contains; it is misleading. "The Death that Lurks Unseen," which is concerned with a Nihilist plot, turns out to be only one of nine short stories covering a wide range of life. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

MORALS OF THE MIDLANDS. BY MRS. EDWARD KENNARD.

In her latest hunting story Mrs. Kennard gives us a blend of hard riding and wayward affections. Her way is to smooth the rough places at the last, and allow conjugal errors to fade in the rays of forgiveness. A good readable novel, full of average human nature. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

TALES OF THE WONDER CLUB. BY DRYASDUST.

The Wonder Club met in the old inn "Ye Headless Lady," in the Midlands, toward the close of the last century. It was an exclusive little coterie, scorning to admit commercial gentlemen, and its chief delight was to listen to stories of the marvellous class, told by the members in turn with every circumstance of dignity. The irreverent named it "The Morbid Club," and we are inclined to think not altogether without reason. "The Phantom Flea" is the first story, and other stories,

equally suggestive of the weird, are: "The Spirit Leg," "Lost in the Catacombs" and "The Haunted Stage Box." (Harrison & Sons. 3s. 6d.)

THE REBELS. BY M. McDONNELL BODKIN.

Another romance of '98. "'Look, Val! look well,' she said, as she lifted him in her arms and pointed to the fading outline of the hills. 'That is Ireland; our own Ireland. You may never see it again, but you must never forget Ireland till you die.' . . . The deep voice of her husband, who had come softly up behind them while she spoke, whispered solemnly, 'I swear it'; and the sweet, clear voice of the child echoed the words 'I swear.'" (Ward & Lock. 6s.)

ROMANCE OF THE LADY ARBELL. BY ALASTOR GRAEME.

A high-falutin novel founded on the fortunes of Arabella Stuart. The first sentence runs: "That year of Grace autumn was falling early, so that all red berries made gouts of blood about the gloom-fiery heralds of winter-storm." Which is not pretty, and we don't know what it means. (F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

THE PRODIGAL'S BROTHER. BY JOHN MACKIE.

A romance of the great North-West. The author has had experience of the life he describes, having served as an officer in the North-West Mounted Police. There is hand-to-hand fighting with Indians. (Jarrold. 3s. 6d.)

A RIVIERA ROMANCE. BY BLANCHE ROOSEVELT.

A lively novel of life on the Riviera. The author—whose literary work was thwarted by many illnesses, ending in her death—is a defender of the gaming tables. (Downey & Co. 6s.)

THE LADY OF THE LEOPARD. BY CHARLES L'EPINE.

A weird novel; partly resembling *Elsie Venner*. An adventuress absorbs the nature of a leopard, and equipped not only with its cunning and watchfulness, but with extraordinary hypnotic powers, she throws herself at Sir David Grevil's head and adds strange complications to a drama of inheritance and family secrets. (Greening. 6s.)

THE WEIRD OF DEADLY HOLLOW. BY BERTRAM MITFORD.

Another of Mr. Mitford's numerous and sensational stories of South Africa. (White. 3s. 6d.)

AN AWKWARD MEETING. BY R. H. SAVAGE.

A collection of slap-dash sensational stories, by the author of *My Official Wife*. (White. 2s. 6d.)

THE RESURRECTION OF HIS GRACE. BY CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

A horse-racing story with a horrible plot. (Greening & Co. 3s. 6d.)

BELLING THE CAT. BY DORRINGTON PRIMM.

"A delicious sense of possession thrilled through his heart. She was his—his wife for ever"—the last words. (White. 6s.)

I'm here in Clifton, grinding at the mill
My feet for thrice nine barren years have trod;
But there are rocks and waves at Scarlett still,
And gorse runs riot in Glen Chass—thank God!

Alert I seek exactitude of rule,
I step and square my shoulders with the squad;
But there are blackberries on old Barrule,
And Langness has its heather still—thank God!

From T. E. Brown's "Poems."

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About Dickens.

I.—Mr. Gissing.

WHY is Dickens so frequently and abundantly misquoted, his incidents misrepresented? Why do writers, capable of correct quotation from, and accurate allusion to, Sappho, Martin Tupper, and M. Anatole France, come to grief when they come to Dickens? To his adorers, of whom I am humblest among the greatest, this laxity is exasperating. A few years since, some monstrous person, wishing to speak of Sam Weller's famous crumpet story turned the crumpets into muffins. Aghast at this outrage, the late Mr. Walter Wren wrote to a daily paper, protesting that, to his best recollection, muffins are not once mentioned in *Pickwick*. Absurd! Muffins are mentioned thrice, and a muffin boy once. Yet Mr. Wren, if report be true, shared with Sir Walter Besant and another the distinction of having scraped through Calverley's intricate *Pickwick Papers* examination. Not long ago, a critic, wishing to redeem the memory of Dickens from the stain of bad English left upon it by the title of *Our Mutual Friend*, observed that the phrase is put into the uneducated, if poetic, mouth of Silas Wegg, and that Dickens was therefore aware of its vulgarity. It is not put into Wegg's mouth, but into Mr. Boffin's, and in *Little Dorrit* there is proof that Dickens divides with—*horresco referens*—with Miss Austen the disgrace of having personally sanctioned the vulgarity.

But that Mr. Gissing should be an offender is very grievous. His recent monograph on Dickens is by far the finest and truest elaborate piece of criticism that has yet been written upon Dickens. Yet flies are in the amber: vexatious flies. As thus: Page 57—speaking of the abuse of "coincidence" by Dickens, Mr. Gissing writes: "When *Oliver Twist* casually makes acquaintance with an old gentleman in the streets of London, this old gentleman of course turns out to be his relative, who desired of all things to discover the boy." The point is unaffected; but Mr. Brownlow was not Oliver's relative, he was his father's dearest friend. Page 82—speaking of the principles upon which Dickens metes out his punishments, Mr. Gissing writes: "Squeers or Mr. Creakle we will by no means forgive; nay, of their hard lot, so well merited, we will make all the fun we can . . ." But we take leave of Mr. Creakle as a Middlesex magistrate, exhibiting his pet and pious criminals, Littimer and Uriah Heep, to the disgusted David and Traddles. I am not aware that a Middlesex magistracy is a very miserable position. Page 121—speaking of "the respectable man," Mr. Gissing writes: "If my memory serves me, Mr. Pecksniff did not keep a gig (possibly it is implied in his position) . . ." Mr. Pecksniff's gig is carefully described, defined, and named—in one chapter the vehicle is mentioned by the name of gig no fewer than eighteen times. Upon p. 141, I would prefer to have the great and dear name of Mrs. MacStinger spelled as Dickens spelled it. Upon the following page it is untrue to say that Mrs. Gargery provoked the fight between Joe and Orlick "by a malicious lie." She was malicious, but told no lie. Upon page 147 we meet with "Sophy Whackles." Now Dick Swiveller's flame was, until she

became Mrs. Cheggs, Miss Sophy Wackles. Page 159: Dora Spenslow's dog was Jip, not Gip. Page 164: "The booful lady" should be "the boofer lady." Page 168: The huge dish, which young Copperfield was supposed to have devoured unaided, consisted, not of cutlets, but of chops. Page 172: Mr. Gissing speaks of "Mr. Smallweed giving his friend Mr. Jobling a dinner." Prodigious! No Smallweed ever gave anyone anything—but trouble. Mr. Guppy gave the dinner; and when Chick Smallweed returned to his family circle the grandfather complimented him for living upon his friend. Page 174: Old Mr. Willet is described as sitting, after the ruin of the Maypole by the rioters, "staring at his old-time companion, the kitchen boiler." This he could not have done, for the rioters left him tied to his chair in the bar; if he was consciously staring at anything, it was at the downcast Maypole looking in through the window. Page 185—speaking of *Sketches by Boz*, Mr. Gissing writes: "Dealing for the most part with vulgarity, his first book is very free from vulgarisms. In one of the earliest letters to Forster, he speaks of 'your invite'; but no such abomination deforms the printed pages." Unhappily, this very abomination itself deforms the pages of *Boz*: Mr. Gissing will find it in "The Steam Excursion." Page 192: Mr. Gissing, quoting the description of a certain scene, says that it occurs when "Jonas, become a murderer, is lurking in his own house . . ." It occurred before, not after, Montague Tigg's murder, and the fact intensifies the suggestive grimness of the description. Page 236: "A tragedy of drink Dickens never gives us." Mr. Gissing forgets "The Drunkard's Death," last of the *Sketches by Boz*; also "The Stroller's Tale," in *Pickwick*.

Infinitesimal, these slips of memory or of the pen: reflecting no discredit upon Mr. Gissing's admirable study, which has placed all lovers of Dickens in his debt for ever. And yet they are characteristic, symptomatic, of that slight inaccuracy which besets those who write upon Dickens, or refer to him. I am convinced that were Mr. Gissing to write upon Thackeray no such slips would occur. It seems reserved for Dickens to enjoy, with the Bible and Shakespeare, that penalty of popularity and familiarity, inaccurate usage. It has never been my lot to write of Dickens, and I am glad of it: for I am certain that the epidemic of error would have promptly seized me, and that I should have found myself writing about Sam Swiveller and Dick Weller, or sending Mr. Pickwick into the wrong bedroom at Norwich.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

II.—Mr. Quiller-Couch.

MR. QUILLER COUCH, in his *Speaker* article last week, invented a most plausible and engaging theory to account for the feebleness and poverty of the French version of *Pickwick*, published in 1838. It is clear that Mme. Giboyet, the translator, says "Q," undertook the work in collaboration with a M. Alexandre D., and was driven by the author's disapproval to suppress A. D.'s share of the work. "Q" imagines that Dickens was favoured with a sight of half the translation, and at once wrote as follows:

45, Doughty-street,
September 25, 1837.

MY DEAR MADAM,—It is true that when granting the required permission to translate *Pickwick* into French, I allowed also the license you claimed for yourself and your *collaborateur*—of adapting rather than translating, and of presenting my hero under such small disguise as might commend him better to a Gallic audience. But I am bound to say that—to judge only from the first half of your version, which is all that has reached me—you have construed this permission more freely than I desired. In fact, the parent can hardly recognise his own child.

Against your share in the work, madam, I have little to urge, though the damages you represent Mrs. Bardell as claiming—300,000 francs, or £12,000 of our money—strike me as excessive. It is rather I take as my guide the difference in the handwriting) to your *collaborateur* that I address, through you, my remonstrances.

I have no radical objection to his making Messrs. Snodgrass, Winkle, and Tupman members of His Majesty King Louis XIII.'s corps of musketeers, if he is sincerely of opinion that French taste will applaud the departure. I even commend his slight idealisation of Snodgrass (which, by the way, is not the name of an English mountain), and the amorousness of Tupman gains something—I candidly admit—from the touch of religiosity which he gives to the character; though I do not, as he surmises, in the course of my story, promote Tupman to a bishopric. . . .

A. D.—has been well advised again in breaking up the character of Sam Weller and making him, like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once. Buckingham (Jingle) and Fenton (a capital rendering of the Fat Boy) both please me; and in expanding the episode of the sausage and the trouser-buttons A. D.—has shown delicacy and judgment by altering the latter into diamond studs.

Alas! madam, I wish the same could be said for his treatment of my female puppets, which not only shocks but bewilders me. In her earlier appearances Mrs. Bardell (Milady) is a fairly consistent character; and why A. D.—should hazard that consistency by identifying her with the middle-aged lady at the Great White Horse, Ipswich, passes my comprehension. . . . The whole business of the *fleur-de-lys* on Mrs. Bardell's shoulder is a sheer interpolation, and should be expunged, not only on grounds of morality, but because when you reach the actual trial, "*Bardell v. Pickwick*," you will find this discovery of the defendant's impossible either to ignore or to reconcile with the jury's verdict. Against the intervention of Richelieu (Mr. Nupkins) I have nothing to urge. A. D.—opines that I shall in the end deal out poetical justice to Mrs. Bardell as Milady. He is right. I have, indeed, gone so far as to imprison her; but I own that her execution (as suggested by him) at the hands of the Queer Client, with Pickwick and his friends (or, alternatively, Mrs. Cluppings, Mr. Perker, and Bob Sawyer) as silent spectators, seems to me almost as inconsistent with the spirit of the tale as his other proposal to kidnap Mr. Justice Starsleigh in the boot of Mr. Weller's coach, and substitute for his lordship the Chancery Prisoner in an Iron Mask. I trust, madam, that these few suggestions will, without setting any appreciable constraint on your fancy, enable you to catch something more of the spirit of my poor narrative than I have been able to detect in some of the chapters submitted; and I am, with every assurance of esteem, —Your obliged servant,

Boz.

To which A. D. is reported by Mr. Couch to have replied:

MADAME,—Puisque M. Boz se défie des propositions lui faites sans but quelconque que de concilier les gens d'esprit, j'ai l'honneur de vous annoncer nettement que je me retire d'une besogne aussi rude que malentendue. Il dit que j'ai conçu son *Pickwick* tout autrement que lui. Soit! Je l'écrivai, ce *Pickwick*, selon mon propre goût. Que M. Boz redoute mes *Trois Pickwickistes*!—Agreez, Madame, &c., &c.,

ALEXANDRE (*Philippi Filius*).

Hence the loss of *Les Trois Pickwickistes*.

Mr. Ruskin at Home.

AN interesting description of a visit paid to Mr. Ruskin, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday in February last, is given in the current number of *Saint George's*, the organ of the Birmingham Ruskin Society, by Mr. John Howard Whitehouse, the editor. We make a few extracts:

Mr. Ruskin's house has been frequently described, and its exterior appearance, at least, is familiar to many. It is quaint and unpretentious, though larger than would be expected by one who had seen it from the outside only. Of the treasures within the house it is difficult to speak—they are so numerous, and of such extraordinary interest. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn, by whom we were most hospitably received, guided us through these, and thus deepened the interest of a visit which to us will be ever memorable. Mr. Ruskin's study is a long, comfortable, and in every way delightful room, with a superb view of the hills and lake. It is lined with books, of course—I did not see any room in which there were not some—but it also contains many other objects of beauty and rare interest, including a collection of minerals and some paintings by Burne-Jones and Rossetti. Of all his treasures Mr. Ruskin probably prizes most dearly the MSS. he possesses of several of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

Next in interest to Mr. Ruskin's study is his bedroom. It is a small room, and in one corner is a simple little wooden bedstead, entirely devoid of any trimmings or ornamentation. One side of the room is covered with books. The other three are almost entirely covered with Turners, and it is these, of course, which give the chief interest to the room. There is probably no other room in the world which could show such a collection. Although this is the master's favourite bedroom, he has not been using it recently, as, owing to the severity of the weather, and the weakness naturally arising from his advanced age, it has been thought wiser for him to remain chiefly in another room, which he temporarily uses both as a sleeping and living room.

It was in this room that we were introduced to him. He was seated in an arm-chair before a small table near the window, the sunbeams playing upon his venerable face. In his old age he presents a most impressive appearance, to which his long flowing beard adds not a little. With the exception of that beard, it appeared to me that his face had undergone no material change since the days when he was a professor at Oxford. The lines were, indeed, more pronounced, the expression sadder, but it was still the face which had been painted many years before, with such admirable skill, by Prof. Herkomer. As to Mr. Ruskin's physical condition, it would be idle to deny that he is very weak and frail, but mentally he is quite clear, and though now unable to do any work whatever, he still takes a lively interest in the progress of the world.

We learnt at Brantwood some interesting facts respecting Mr. Ruskin's habits of recent years. Until a month or two ago he was able to get out every day when the weather was fine, sometimes taking slow walks, and sometimes going in a bath-chair. Of evenings it was his custom to read aloud some portion of one of Scott's novels, his love for which is so well known. He is now, for the most part, read to. *Oliver Twist* was read to him not long ago, and, although familiar with it, the re-reading of the book gave him much delight. The last work which has been read to him is Mr. C. E. Mathews' *Annals of Mont Blanc*.

In the closing years of his life, the master is perfectly happy. He gave expression to this fact on the morning of his birthday. He felt so happy that he wished to live on. He must have been touched beyond all words by the multitude of messages which were arriving at Brantwood from all parts of the world. Miss Kate Greenaway sent

an exquisite sketch of a group of happy, joyous, dancing children, and one of the most touching greetings I saw was from an American lady, who sent eighty white flowers, bearing the inscription :

Eighty flower sprays for eighty pure and lovely years.

It was a fitting greeting to the great prophet in the twilight of his days, when, as his biographer so eloquently says, "the storm cloud has drifted away and there is light in the West, a mellow light of evening time, such as Turner painted in his pensive epilogue. There is more work to do, but not to-day. The plough stands in the furrow, and the labourer passes peacefully from his toil homewards."

Things Seen.

Confirmation.

It was a confirmation by a bishop-suffragan. That was why the bells were ringing at half-past two on Sunday afternoon, flooding Fleet-street and the Strand, and exciting the Law Courts' pigeons to silly flights.

Inside the railings a man in a silk hat was talking paternally to some boys, and elderly people were beginning to arrive and pass in. The warm sunshine flooded the little spaces in front of the church and the flagged churchyard, and found rainbow colours in the hats and frocks of a few children that hung about. The ivy near the porch was last year's, but it looked hopeful in the bright air, and the figures on the church clock were flashing. Fleet-street was very quiet, Wych-street was a long winding lane with a few people in it, and all the region of the Law Courts and Clements' Inn was tranquil. The girls and children who had foregathered to see the arrivals looked like village children in their homely frocks and finery. A few men stood about, and seemed as if they would smile if cause were given.

I entered the church and found the pews gay with daffodils. Girls in white dresses were being fitted with caps and veils of whitest gossamer in a little tiring-room, open to all eyes, and in the opposite room a bearded chorister was publicly wriggling into his surplice. As the girls received their veils they were passed up the church and planted out like lilies in the pews to the left. The boys sat on the right; they had all had their hair cut. The ubiquitous good vicar ran and reddened. Anon he was talking intensely to a canon, or a prebendary, or a dean, or someone, and pointing to every part of the church in turn, sketching arrangements in the air, frowning, smiling, leaving off and beginning again with more urgency than before, and all the time the white-veiled girls were passing up the nave one by one. Four-wheeled cabs were arriving, full of white maidens, who stepped out with a pretty stateliness, or rolled out like dumpy snowballs. And the bells rang and re-echoed. Far up Wych-street I saw stout mothers and elder daughters convoying specks of white. Little girls in white came from Clare-market, and Drury-lane, and from the stuffy courts behind the Strand; they came, it seemed, from anywhere and nowhere.

Suddenly the bells ceased with a great shock of silence, and at this precise moment an aged clerical gentleman crossed the little square carrying a portmanteau. His hat and gaiters told me he was the bishop-suffragan. He just pecked at the bill announcing the Confirmation, and passed in. No crowd remained. Nothing showed that the dull old Fleet-street church held that flushed company of boys and girls. The 'buses rolled in their long orbits, and a bicyclist, speeding west with intent eyes, yawped on his syren.

Romance.

We started from the Engadine Valley in the dim dawn, a dozen of us, in ramshackle carriages—in the dim dawn, feeling our way through the solemn passes, snow-capped mountains on either side, receding here and there to make way for large lakes, placid among the everlasting hills. Loath was I to leave the mountain airs, reluctant to feel the breeze growing warmer on my cheek; but we were making for Italy—that was the compensation. We drove down, down, down, and by-and-by—'twas late in the afternoon—we crossed the frontier. White dust lay thick on the winding road; great, gaudy insects buzzed about our heads; heavy-scented air took the place of the brisk breezes that had blown up there in the dim dawn. Soon we came to a toy village, and there I was bidden to change carriages, to join a party of five in a huge, lumbering diligence.

A man and a girl sat on the box-seat by the driver, and inside was an elderly woman with corkscrew curls, and another man, a tall, loose-limbed Scot, who insisted that I should take his seat facing the horses. As we drove along the white road the dusk began to fall, and the stars peeped out in the luminous sky. As we drove along through the scented air, with no company but the mild-eyed, curious kine watching from the roadside, the darting bats, the winged insects, and the busy flies, it was borne in to me that Romance was encompassing us, that we were carrying Romance with us into Romance-land. The man on the box was talking eagerly to the girl, but it was plain to the dullest eye that she paid small heed to his pleadings. Her figure remained firm and unyielding, her small head, embedded in coils of black hair, did not move, but it seemed to me that her back—straight and svelte above the Scot's head—spoke. And once she half turned. Then the unexpected happened. The man on the box turned suddenly, his face was pale. "Jimmy," he cried, "I want my coat from the rumble. Will you take my place?" The girl made a sign of protest, but he jumped down, and in a moment the Scot had swung himself up and was seated by her side. We drove on through the warm night. She leaned closer to the Scot's shoulder. His personality seemed to encompass her. Her head bent. The moon hung over the crest of the hill, night came up with her garniture of stars; and so we entered Italy.

"Robespierre."

THE stolidity of the English! It is real enough. I spent half an hour last night in the gallery of the Lyceum Theatre. The audience was dense and devout. A man standing at my side appeared to be hanging by his chin to a wooden partition. And yet he could not see the stage! It was the terrible prison scene that I looked down upon over hats and heads solid as a pine-wood on a hill that one has surmounted. A hushed pine-wood it was; and as the guillotine roll-call proceeded every eye was set on those terrible and gallant partings. When the soldier gave his life for his married namesake—it being doubtful which was condemned—I felt the cheer coming, and it came. When the mother of that golden-haired child was torn away, with her pitiful promise to "come back," the pine-wood did not breathe. A girl at my side wept quietly. Many were weeping. All submitted to the spell of this scene of death and sacrifice.

The astonishing thing was that when the act was over there was only a quick sigh, a momentary whisper, a wind that was and was not. Then I saw men deep in the *Evening News*. The girl who had wept said that she "met Sally in Sloane-street last Thursday night." The gallery attendant shouted "Orders, gents!" He had not the wit to say "citizens." And the counter in the bar, at the back of the gallery, was wet with beer.

Memoirs of the Moment.

STEVENSON, the man of Letters, was a man, too, of Affairs—at any rate in Samoa; and there is little doubt that were he now alive the boats belonging to Mataafa had not been destroyed, the villages of Mataafa's people had not been erased, they themselves had not been slain; nor should we have had to record the incidental losses of gallant English and American seamen. The feuds between rival chiefs are of old duration, and the jealousy between the German representatives and those of England does not date from yesterday. But Stevenson, lover of justice as he was, and true cosmopolitan because a true wanderer at heart, never descended into partisanship, whether local or national, and his influence with the natives and their chiefs was in proportion to his own disinterested sense of fair play. Of Mataafa he was the champion, in the columns of the *Times* and elsewhere, in the early nineties. "Mataafa," he confessed in a letter to a stranger, "is known to be my hobby. People laugh when they see any mention of his name over my signature; I know that nothing can be more fatal to his cause than that he should be made ridiculous; and I cannot help feeling that a man who makes his bread by writing fiction labours under the disadvantage of suspicion when he touches on matters of fact."

YET one of these facts was this: that Mataafa had been imprisoned for rebellion against a document drawn up in Berlin which he had never seen. "It is to be noted," said R. L. S., "that what I will venture to call this infamous protocol—a measure equally of German vanity, English cowardice, and American incuria—has never yet been translated into the Samoan language. They feared light because their works were darkness." The italics were, on that rare occasion, Stevenson's own, and the final words may be taken as the measure of difference between much of the sentiment that was Stevenson's and that which is Mr. Kipling's. Well, Mataafa was liberated—a man "very piously inclined," of whom Stevenson prophesied that he would probably "enter at least the lesser Orders of the Church." How bitter Germany then was against Mataafa and his English friends those people who read Stevenson's letters in the *Times* will remember. In the end the novelist was nearly cast into jail for sedition, under an Act specially framed by the German authorities in order to muzzle him. Time's revenges are instant even in the South Seas, it seems. The Englishman who accused Stevenson of giving arms to the rebels was himself sent to prison for three months—though Stevenson did not live to know the result of his libel action; and to-day it is Germany, not England, that hesitates to hunt down the followers of Mataafa—Stevenson's "hobby"; while Stevenson's house itself has become the property of a German.

THE Duchess of Marlborough, who was once a vice-queen in Ireland, had somewhat outlived her influence. Although a great "Evangelical," she loved the precedence and orderliness of Courts; and the death of her two sons was an additional blow to her, for the very reason that it reversed the natural rule, and that they preceded her, who should have preceded them, to the tomb. Her subsequent life she always regarded as an anomaly, which the affection of a bevy of daughters—most substantially married daughters too—could never quite remove. The Duchess ruled at a time of some social revolution, in many ways to her advantage. Class barriers were disappearing; and when the Duchess received, at her Dublin Court, philanthropists and others whom secretaries had hitherto handled not without a sense of boredom that showed itself as swagger, they found her

as simple as their own women-folk, and went away as discoverers, bearing the news to their edified friends and families in the provinces.

OF keenness as a discoverer the Duchess of Marlborough had herself none. She followed conventions where insight might have saved the situation. The great talents, also the defects, of her two sons she took at the public's valuation, rather than on any initiative of her own by which that ready public verdict might have been anticipated, or reversed, or righted. It was characteristic of her that, at a time when the churches of England were undergoing a transformation and furnishing themselves with mystical emblems, she, called upon to fix a form of memorial to her husband, selected a marble pulpit, doubtless quite in keeping with the adjacent solidity of Vanbrugh's palace of Blenheim. She was a woman of "consistent life," and Lord Beaconsfield regarded her, with his wholly unimpassioned eye, as a representative and wholly admirable British matron.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË did not set up to be an art-critic, but she had her views about pictures, and held them with her own tenacity. In 1851 she went to the Royal Academy Exhibition, and her comment was: "About half-a-dozen pictures good and interesting, and the rest of little worth." The words make a useful landmark, and after fifty years one is certain that the number of pictures Miss Brontë might appreciate has increased somewhat; also that of the first six the terms of praise could be strengthened. Of the pictures in the forthcoming exhibition it is yet rash to speak, but the hanging is likely to be as bad as it was last year, the gain of the lowering of the skyline effected by Lord Leighton being again sacrificed in the contest between quality and quantity. And all the time the diarists of to-day will be making such entries as that quoted from Miss Brontë. It is not as if the selectors and hangers had not been roundly told.

ROMAN CATHOLICS all over the world are going to celebrate the year 1900 with demonstrations quite unique in their nature and their universality. A committee has been working for some time, in secret, and its deliberations have been submitted to Rome, whence will shortly issue a summons to the two hundred and fifty millions who—at least nominally—are reckoned of the fold of St. Peter. The celebration is decreed; and it is to be doubly marked—by the erection of a memorial cross in every church, and by a bonfire. On the hill-tops of Christendom, and far beyond bounds, will these new fire-worshippers assemble in presence of the symbolic flames, which denote the cleansing fire that burns the accumulated dust of years and the light that typifies the Light of the World. Treated as a mere advertisement—and that is how everything gets to be regarded—the scheme is supero.

MR. PURCELL's death found him at work on a book he had in hand—a biography of Ambrose de Lisle, of Garendon Park, Leicestershire, the prototype of Eustace de Lyle in *Coningsby*; but it is sufficiently advanced to allow of its easy completion of publication. Once a clerk in the Bank of England, and afterwards a very struggling man about Fleet-street, Mr. Purcell had his one great opportunity as the biographer of Cardinal Manning. Never a friend of the Cardinal, he had him at his mercy at last, and, by imputation and otherwise, he dealt him blow after blow from the boldly assumed pedestal of an official biographer. The little sauce of scandal made the dish palatable to the general public, with this result, that the biography passed into the hands of a far larger body of readers than it would otherwise have reached. This last thought helped the Cardinal's friends to forgive Mr. Purcell.

The Reign of Daintiness.

"Books," it was remarked the other day by a keen critic, "are in fashion." They are in fashion in the sense that the crinoline is out of fashion. Apart from all studious love of books, books are now bought because they are the thing. It follows, almost as a matter of course, that with this spirit reigning, the external appearance of books has a close bearing on their sale. And such is the fact. "Pretty," "handy," "dainty"—these are the adjectives bestowed and sought after. So well is this understood by certain firms of publishers, that no effort is spared to produce the popular kind of format; and competition in the editing of masterpieces is probably less real and keen than competition in the *daintifying* of those masterpieces when edited.

It has seemed worth our while to take the general views of booksellers on this question, and we have had no difficulty in collecting opinions.

The testimony is nearly all corroborative of the proposition that prettiness is becoming the one thing needful in book formats. But there are significant exceptions. A large Birmingham bookseller would fain stem the tide. He writes:

A book need *not* be "pretty and handy" in the sense that the "Temple Classics" are pretty and handy. For our part, we strive to instil the desire for books issued in a solid and noble format, like the "Cambridge" Shakespeare, 9 vols., Pepys, 10 vols. (Bell), and the like. Shelves filled with books "pretty and handy" look miserably mean, whereas a well-stocked library in octavo format has a dignified appearance, and is a pleasure to own. Notwithstanding, we are grateful to Mr. Dent and others for the many authors they have given us in books "pretty and handy."

That is a sound point of view; and a Leeds bookseller's report indicates that the hard-headed Yorkshire book-buyer has severe tastes:

I do not find that books with illustrations or designs on the cover command any better sale than those issued in plain cloth covers. The former are more attractive for window display, but as a rule my customers prefer a neat-looking book, and are more concerned that the printing and illustrations inside should be of a high order rather than the cover be ornamental. A gilt top and cut edges are preferred. The cloth should be of such a texture as not to rub, this being most desirable from a stock-keeping point of view.

We take the opportunity of notifying publishers of the dislike to smooth cloths which booksellers feel. A Brighton bookseller is quite angry:

It is strange that publishers, after the protests of the trade, persist in issuing books in the horrible smooth cloth which is, unfortunately, very largely used. It is not only a loss to the bookseller in keeping them in stock (as they inevitably become rubbed in a few days, and, in fact, show every finger-mark), but is prejudicial to the sale. The kinds of cloth used for the "Border Waverley," "Crown Dickens," and "Biographical Thackeray" are far preferable and not more expensive. We consider that for ordinary books (and novels especially) the art linen binding, in nice colours, now considerably used, is by far the most effective and the best for wear.

That books are purchased for their outsides is the clear opinion of an Eastbourne bookseller, who writes as follows:

The public are not panting to purchase books; but if they can be shown some pretty little editions they are tempted to buy what they had no intention of doing. Many notable examples of this could be given. Renewed life has been imparted to Mrs. Ewing's works by the issue of the pretty 2s. 6d. edition, and the increased sale of Dickens's Pocket Edition since the binding has been changed, are other examples. The neat Pocket Editions of Thackeray, Brontë, and Gaskell increased my sale of those authors one-hundredfold.

Similarly a London bookseller declares that

the new edition of *A Tale of Two Cities*, issued by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, has sold very largely on account of its portability and pretty appearance. A good instance of the power of format to give new life to standard books is the series of "Illustrated Romances" issued by Messrs. Dent. The bindings are attractive and the coloured illustrations are much appreciated. It is very desirable that all novels should be issued with cut edges.

We echo the wish expressed in the last sentence, but we fear in vain.

Our correspondents give the following among good models in recent book production:

Messrs. Dent's series of Classics, Shakespeare, and old Dramatists; Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen's Muses' Library; Messrs. Gay & Bird's dainty "Bibelot" series; and Messrs. Bell's "Cathedral" and "Endymion" series. In children's books, Mr. Lang's Fairy Books, the pretty series illustrated by C. Robinson, and the reprint (John Lane) of Walter Crane. *My Japanese Wife*, by Clive Holland (Constable), Bullen's *Idylls of the Sea* (Grant Richards), Canton's *Child's Book of Saints* (Dent), the "Endymion Series of the Poets" (George Bell), Housmann's *Field of Clover* (K. Paul).

Correspondence.

An Explanation.

SIR,—My unpretentious little story, *Autobiography of a Child*, has been referred to as history. May I protest against the misapplication of a title so solemn and serious to matter so fragile and fugitive as a tale of childhood? The story is essentially a work of imagination, an effort to interpret the vision and mind of a child and tell her story from her point of view as I imagined she would tell it. Such a task has nothing at all of the nature of history. Its concern is impressions and pictures, not facts. In the drama of existence facts are of comparative insignificance. The important thing is not what is relatively true, but what we believe to be true, since this alone reveals temperament and character. Shelley and an Oxford don would hold very different opinions of Oxford as an institution, and both would be equally sincere and worthy of attention in their expression of their diverse opinions. We should turn to the one for history, and own that we preferred the other in the realm of imagination.

I am aware that the barbarous frankness of my heroine will be repulsive to a large class of readers, but I have made a concession to their susceptibilities in depicting her as a very naughty little girl. Like another little girl, "when she was bad she was horrid"; and, like that undisciplined young lady, she more often than not deserved to be "spanked most emphatic." Now, I might have represented her as a tortured angel instead, and she herself, if consulted, would, I suspect, greatly have preferred to enter fiction as a stained-glass ideal of virtuous infancy.

I relied on her unhappiness for the reader's indulgence, for those who love children will agree with this writer that it is intolerable to think even a bad child can be unhappy. If the story of Angela should bring home this fact to a single reader whom life hitherto had not taught it to, it will not have been written in vain.—I am, &c.,

THE AUTHOR OF "AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHILD."

Haikais.

SIR,—Will you permit me, apropos of your recent Literary Competition, to call your attention to two "Haikais" published in 1895, in the introduction of a book of poems entitled *Seen and Unseen; or, the Monologues of a Homeless Snail*, by Yone Noguchi, a young Japanese poet living in San Francisco, U.S.A.? I take the liberty of forwarding you a copy of the book, not so much in refutation of your

guarded expression of belief that "hitherto no Haikais had been written in English," as to bring to your notice the remarkable essays of a Japanese poet, writing in an unaccustomed tongue. My friend was at one time on the staff of a prominent Japanese monthly magazine, whose editor, S. Shiga, in a happy critique, has called him the "different-tongued Tatsuo" — Yone Noguchi being a nephew of the poet Tatsuo Kumoi. His first attempts in English were printed in the *Lark* in 1895. The Haikais (or "Ho-kus"?) in question were translated and interpreted from Basho by Noguchi, and re-phrased to fit the set form by myself. These "inspirations" of the "high-qualified" Basho are too subtle for anything like literal rendering in English, especially within the narrow limits given the original form; and, indeed, it is doubtful if any two Japanese would agree upon the precise meaning of the imagery, all interpretations, from the literal to the symbolistic, being found.

The first of the Haikais published in *Seen and Unseen* is:

Alas, lonesome road,
Deserted by wayfarers,
This autumn evening!

And the other, one of the most beautiful of Basho's, which seemed especially applicable to this young exiled poet:

Ah, lonely, lonely,
Shall this flower's neighbours be,
When to-morrow comes!

Besides these, Yone Noguchi translated many other poems of his beloved Basho, and I add a few that I phrased with considerable license, in the attempt to suggest the almost intangible allegorical meaning, or metaphor, which seems to be the essential beauty of these Japanese verses.

Upon an ancient battlefield:

These Summer grasses
Wave o'er the dead heroes' bed
Where they lie, dreaming.

Upon the Pilgrim's "garment-changing" time:

Spring changes Earth's robe;
Lay off thy dun garment, too,
Showing thy fair form!

O, lofty gum-tree,
Mark how the bold sun glances
On your fresh young leaves!

As to the Imperial, 21-syllabled "U-tas," I have never seen one written in English; but you can, no doubt, call forth a claimant for this honour also. Finally, may I ask, for my own information, whether the Glose written for the *Lark* by Porter Garnett has ever had a rival, and whether a Lai or a Virelai Nouveau has ever been written in English? If so, I would suggest that you offer a prize in some forthcoming competition for the best model for a new "set form" of verse — essentially original, not a variant upon the old French forms.—I am, &c.,

GELETT BURGESS.

3A, Queen's-road, Chelsea: April 8.

The "High History."

SIR,—I should like to offer some comment upon the attitude of the reviewer of the *High History of the Holy Grail* towards what the Germans would call "*litteraturgeschichtliche Forschung*," investigations into the origin and development of literary works. Such investigations are, it seems, "of interest to none but the pedant." Why? Would the reviewer style the botanist or the astronomer a pedant? Would he hold knowledge in either case a bar to enjoyment of the flower's beauty or the heavens' sublimity? It is just possible he may, but I do not think he would venture to give utterance to his opinion. Were he to do so, the least instructed of editors would tell him that such a doctrine was out of date—was,

in the bad sense of the word, childish. But with regard to literature matters are different. It is still thought not unworthy of a grown-up man to maintain that a desire to understand the laws which regulate the development of literary art argues pedantry and unfits for the appreciation of literary beauty. The very reverse is, I believe, the case. The man who knows is not only more capable of enjoyment than he who is content to remain ignorant, he actually does enjoy more. Knowledge is a more august and inspiring—she is also a more fascinating and consoling—mistress than ignorance.

The amusing thing is, that the reviewer, unknowingly, gives away his whole case. He is delighted to learn from Dr. Evans "that the *High History* can justly claim an antiquity coeval with our greyest cathedrals." Of course, my friend, Dr. Evans, makes no claim. He knows far too much of the history of architecture. It is his contention that the whole Grail legend is a creation of the early thirteenth century, at which date even the reviewer may know that several of our cathedrals had a respectable antiquity behind them. I, on the other hand, do hold that the Grail legend contains elements which are not only "coeval with our greyest cathedrals," but are immeasurably more antique; I maintain that the framework and many essential incidents of the legend are largely pre-Christian. This is a contention which should be welcome to the reviewer, far more welcome than Dr. Evans's. Yet it can only be demonstrated by the process which he contemptuously describes as "dissecting our Lancelot and numbering the stones of Tintagel"—by the careful and minute comparison, that is, of all the versions of the story with a view to determining which are the older and which the younger elements.

One more point. Your reviewer states "that not a little of the magic of this magical book flows from the pen of the translator." I trust he will not be offended if I ask him whether he has read the French original, and, if so, where? I yield to no one in admiration of Dr. Evans's version; I place it—there can be no higher praise—on a level with Lady Guest's *Mabinogion* or Mr. Lang's *Lucassin and Nicolette*. He has done full justice, but he would, I think, agree with me that he has done no more than justice to his original. It is all too insufficiently recognised that the French prose of the twelfth and early thirteenth centuries is one of the most delightful mediums for narrative in the whole range of literary history.—I am, &c.,

ALFRED NUTT.

[Our reviewer writes: Mr. Nutt's letter is an instance of what one may term a point of view; the article of which he falls foul is another. But he is entirely mistaken in supposing that I am anxious to wage scornful war upon exact knowledge in any department of learning. Such an attitude would be, as Mr. Nutt himself qualifies it, "childish in the bad sense of the word." My position with respect to this particular book was that of the "plain hearer of a story," and having asserted my position, I assumed it to be granted.

Having, then, no "case" at all to make out, I submit that I have given nothing away in my "greyest cathedrals," except a phrase for your correspondent to worry over. I feel, indeed, abashed at Mr. Nutt's implied knowledge of architecture. But, aware as I am of partial exceptions, I am humbly tenacious of my belief that our oldest cathedrals in their entirety, as we see them to-day, are not very much older than the beginning of the thirteenth century. And I would ask your correspondent to accept the statement for what it was intended, as at least an approximate and picturesque statement of the truth. That Mr. Nutt maintains that the "groundwork and many essential incidents of the legend are largely pre-Christian" is doubtless reasonable enough and is perfectly welcome to me, although, alas, the contention has scarcely the charm of novelty.—YOUR REVIEWER.]

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of Competition No. 28.

We asked last week for original proverbs expressed with some of the raciness noticeable in a few specimens quoted from *Don Quixote*. The result has not been so satisfactory as we could wish, for though a great many saws have been contributed, few of them could have been uttered by Sancho Panza. We have decided to divide the prize: half a guinea to Mr. Thomas Constable, Hurstwood, Buxted, Sussex, for

"Just in time" is the brother of "Just too late";

and half a guinea to Mr. George Stronach, M.A., Broomicknowe, Midlothian, for

Hard work is a better relish than Worcester Sauce.

Had not the following—from "Dick, Watling street"—come too late, it would have been a prize-winner:

Too polite often gets none at all.

Among the others are:

It is always possible to do one's best.

[W. S., Greenside.]

The old umbrella seldom gets lost.

[G. R., Aberdeen.]

Fall in love with whom you please, but be very careful whom you marry.

[C. A., Glasgow.]

Men should be judged only by their temptations.

[E. M. J., London.]

He who carries a guinea in each pocket walks between two friends.

[R. H., Aston Manor.]

The man who cannot beat the donkey beats its saddle; it is not always the real culprit who gets the blame.

[E. R. W., Farnborough.]

There are two classes of people in the world—those who ride bicycles and those who dodge them.

[A. C., Blackford.]

Sympathy is like a kiss, good for nothing till it is divided between two.

[M. M., London.]

Affirm, but deny not; for truth is greater than thyself.

[D. S., London.]

An old lady once spoke of herself as having "just enough interest to buy a candle to see how to spend the principal."

[Cantab.]

Don't put up your umbrella before it rains.

[T. B. D., Bridgwater.]

Every herring should hang by its own tail.

[M. L. M., Ealing.]

One can never tell what style of ugliness an artist will admire.

[A. B. C., London.]

A Hindu student wrote to me once to ask for some help. He said: "My father has always been a frugal man; but, sir, you are aware that no amount of frugality can suffice to a man that has no income!" This I submit as my proverb. Every day I feel more and more convinced of the profound truth of it.

[H. L., Worcester.]

It is no consolation to get chewed up by a first-class dog.

[B. B., Handsworth.]

Who makes friends gives sympathy; who retains friends possesses discretion.

[M. T., London.]

To poke fun is sometimes to poke a fire.

[J. F., Wrexham.]

Received also: A. V. W., London; A. M. C., Stamford Hill; T. H. K., Liverpool; E. F., London; C., Ipswich; M. G., Dublin; J. G., Bridlington Quay; W. T., Glasgow; H. W. F. S., Royston; A. H. M., Eccles; A. B. C., Upper Norwood; M. E. L., Brighton; A. R. B., Malvern; E. R., Wood Green; E. D. J., Runcorn; T. E. O., Brighton; T. V. N., South Woodford; R. W. M., London; C. F. P., Doncaster; H. H. Edgbaston; F. E. L., London; M. W., Sligo; P. A., London; F. W. T., London; N. P., London; R. P. G., London; T. J., Lincoln; E. E., Scarborough; J. S. R., London; A. B. M., Eastbourne; M. A. R., Wootton; K., West Didsbury; T. E. J., Ipswich; H. S., London; G. R. W., Oxford; E. B., Liverpool; W. T. B., Manchester; L. B., Scarborough; C. L. F., Bath; C. J. T., Tiverton; A. J., Leeds; M. C., Stockbridge; G. D., Balham; A. K. B., Greenock; E. M. H., Wimbledon; E. C., London; Mrs. C., London; Mrs. M., Glasgow; M. P., Wallingford; E. H., Ledbury.

Competition No. 29.

ON page 446 of this number will be found some nonsense rhymes from the *Lark*, a Californian magazine now deceased. We offer a prize of a guinea to the best original nonsense verse of four lines in somewhat similar spirit.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, April 25. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the third column of p. 468, or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, April 20.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Bowden (E. F.), <i>Gems from the Early Church</i> (Art and Book Co.)	3/6
Harnack (A.), <i>Thoughts on the Present Position of Protestantism</i> . Translated by Thos. Bailey Saunders..... (Black) net	1/6
Hillis (N. D.), <i>Foretokens of Immortality</i> (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier)	
Marsden (S. L.), <i>A Gem of Orthodoxy</i> (Unwin)	

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Yeats (W. B.), <i>The Wind Among the Reeds</i> (Mathews)	7/6
Stubbs (C. W.), <i>Brythnoth's Prayer</i> (Unwin)	1/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

<i>A Picturesque History of Yorkshire</i> . Part II..... (Dent) net	1/0
Colby (C. W.), <i>Selections from the Sources of English History</i> (Longmans)	6/0
Pike (G. H.), <i>Oliver Cromwell and His Times</i> (Unwin)	0/0
Dickson (J.), <i>Emeralds Chased in Gold; or The Islands of the Forth: Their Story, Ancient and Modern</i> (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier)	6/0
Jacks (W.), <i>The Life of Prince Bismarck</i> (Maclehose)	
Lewes (G. H.), <i>Life of Maximilien Robespierre</i> (Chapman & Hall)	3/6
Richardson (Mrs. A.), <i>Famous Ladies of the English Court</i> (Hutchinson)	10/0
Reid (Sir W.), <i>The Life of W. E. Gladstone</i> (Casell)	7/6
Verner (Lieut.-Col. W.), <i>A British Rifle Man</i> (Black)	10/6
Tangye (Sir R.), <i>The Two Protectors: Oliver and Richard</i> (Partridge)	10/6
Dobson (A.), <i>A Paladin of Philanthropy</i> (Chatto)	6/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Gwynn (S.), <i>Highways and Byways in Doneraul and Antrim</i> (Macmillan)	6/0
Elmslie (W. A.), <i>Among the Wild Ngoni</i> (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier)	3/6
Reclus (O.), <i>Le Plus Beau Royaume Sous le Ciel</i> (Hachette)	

EDUCATIONAL.

Julien (F.), <i>Les Violettes Blanches</i> , par Emile Richebourg..... (Macmillan)	1/6
Lachman (A.), <i>The Spirit of Organic Chemistry</i> (Macmillan)	6/6

NEW EDITIONS.

Muir (Sir W.), <i>The Caliphate: Its Rise, Decline, and Fall</i> . 3rd Edition (Smith, Elder)	
Barrett (F.), <i>A Set of Rogues</i> (Innes)	6/6
Halford (F. M.), <i>Dry-Fly Fishing</i> (Vinton)	
Carey (R. N.), <i>The Old, Old Story</i> (Macmillan)	3/6
Scott (Sir W.), <i>The Talisman. The Betrothed</i> (Dent) each	1/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hoernig (F.), <i>Inquiries Concerning the Tactics of the Future</i> . Translated by Captain H. M. Bower..... (Longmans) net	18/0
Clifton (W.), <i>Notes on Colour</i> (Richards)	2/0
Hepworth (W.), <i>Information for Players, Owners, Dealers, and Makers of Bow-Instruments</i> (Reeves)	2/0
Arnold (Mrs. S. G.), <i>Marie and the Golden Crown</i> (Headley) net	7/6
Rowntree (J.), <i>The Temperance Problem and Social Reform</i> (Hodder & Stoughton)	6/0
<i>The Edinburgh Review</i> (Longmans)	6/0
Smith (F. W.), <i>The Natural Waters of Harrogate</i> (Dawbarn & Ward) net	1/0
Odgers (W. B.), <i>Local Government</i> (Macmillan)	3/6
Brown (M. W.), <i>The Development of Thrift</i> (Macmillan) net	3/6
Bovey (S. M. C.), <i>Dene Forest Sketches: Second Series</i> (Burleigh)	6/0
Keltie (J. S.), <i>The Statesman's Year Book</i> (Macmillan)	10/6
Stebbing (W.), <i>Probable Tales</i> (Longmans)	4/6

* * * New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

Announcements.

MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK announce that the second volume of the new *Bible Dictionary*, edited by Dr. Hastings, will be published on the 29th of this month. It extends from "Feign" to "Kinsman," and includes "God," by Prof. A. B. Davidson and Prof. Sanday; "Jesus Christ," by Prof. Sanday; and "Holy Spirit," by Prof. Swete.

MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD & SONS have sent a donation of one hundred guineas in answer to the special appeal by Viscount Peel on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children.

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Tickets—3s. 6d. each—to be had from the Hon. CURATOR,
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The University Court will on Monday, 17th July next, or
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While any portion of History will be within the scope of the
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The Lectures will extend over either a continuous Winter
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Each applicant should lodge with the undersigned, not later
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true number of any testimonials he may desire to submit.
One copy of the application should be signed.

M. C. TAYLOR,

Secretary Edinburgh University Court.

University of Edinburgh,

18th April, 1899.

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In consequence of the resignation of the present Head
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September next (after the summer holidays), and the Governors
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with copies of testimonials (not exceeding three, on or before
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